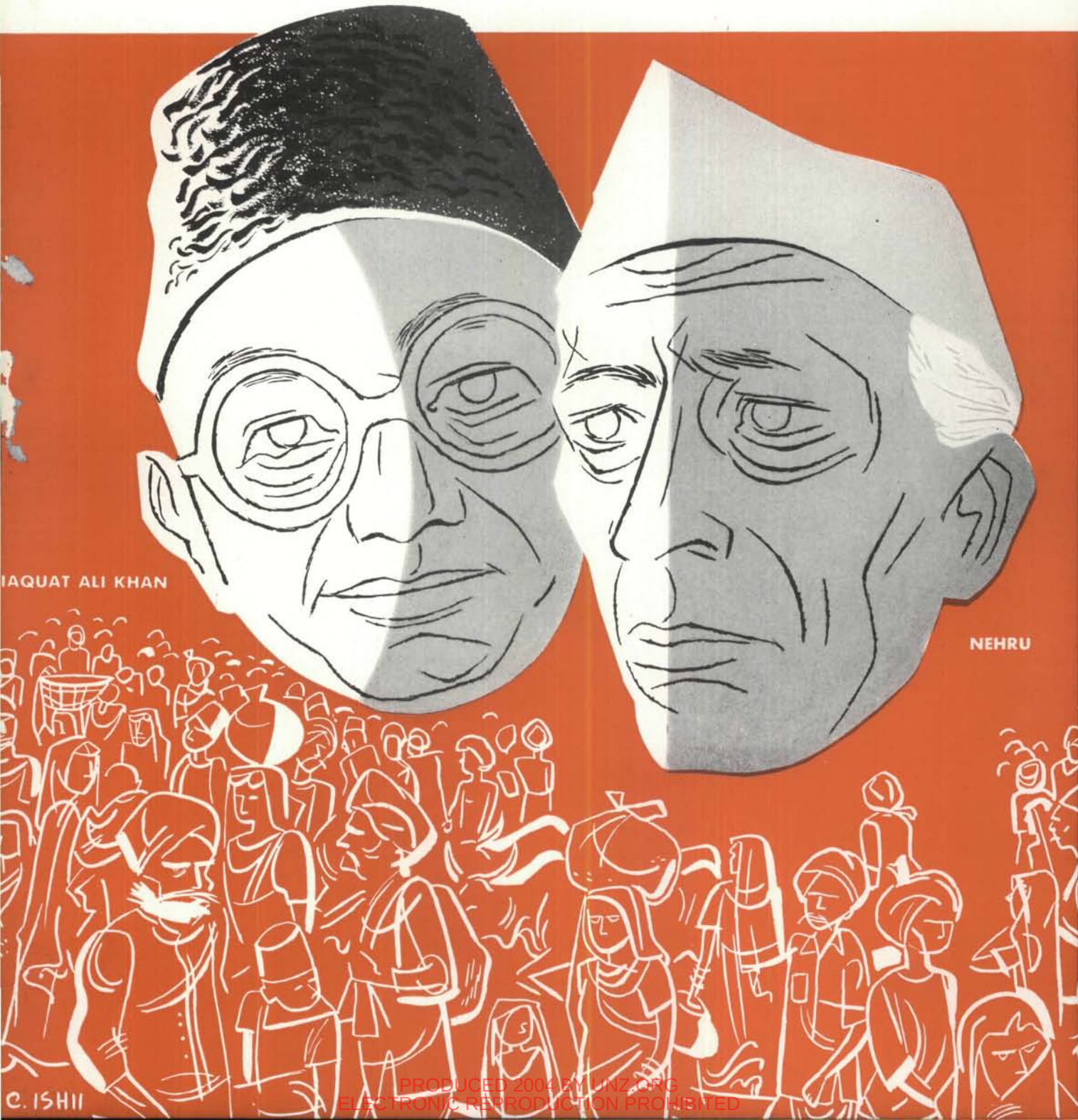
CRISIS IN ASIA

UP THE LADDER FROM CHARM TO VOGUE

The Reporter

JULY 18, 1950 25c



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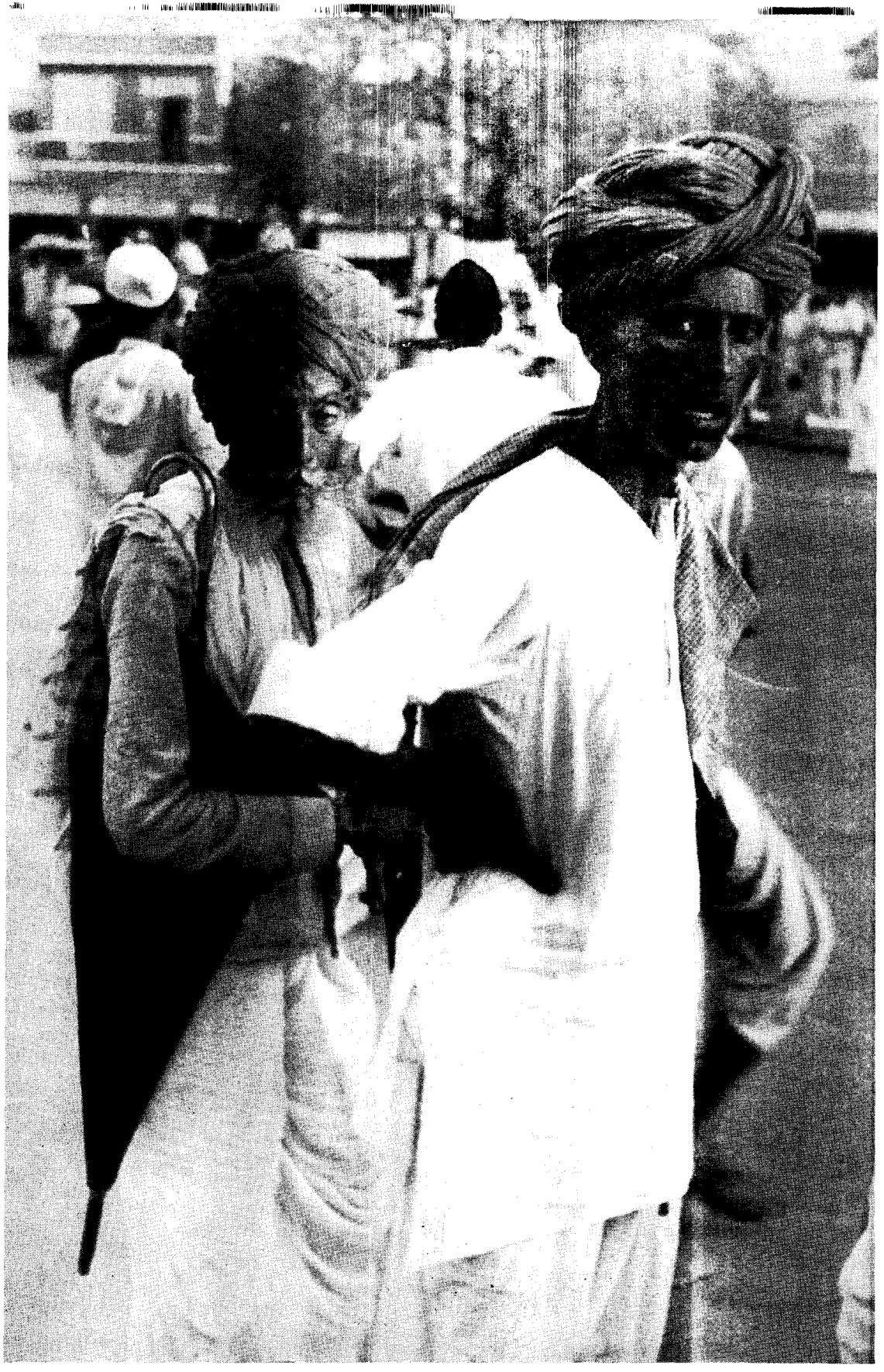

Jaipur

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Tribute to India

One of the most momentous results of the Communist attack on South Korea has been the decision of the Indian government to stand by the western democracies against Soviet Russia. Prime Minister Nehru had been asserting, explicitly and consistently, that his country did not intend to be drawn into the conflict between the United States and Russia. Nehru's thorough knowledge of western democracy and Marxist socialism had made him at the same time receptive and critical toward both. His intellectual and racial background encouraged him to stand aloof, the more so because to his people both the American and the Russian ways of living are infinitely remote.

Isolationism and neutralism, which in Europe are pathetic forms of escapism, could have become the plausible policy of the India-Pakistan subcontinent. India alone, or India and Pakistan together, could have proclaimed a Monroe Doctrine for Southeast Asia, a Declaration of Total Indifference toward an alien world which they had no particular reason to love. A policy of total non-concern would have been suited to Indian tradition and would have found some precedent in the early history of this Republic. Nehru, who had time to read many books during his long stay in jail, certainly knows the whole story of the men who led America to independence and who did not want to have their new country dragged into foreign conflicts or entangled in foreign alliances.

Of course the Indian statesman is well aware that Russia cannot be expected to respect the sovereignty of the South Asian, or any other, nations. Yet just that fear of Russia could have paralyzed them and strengthened their unwillingness to take sides.

In this issue of *The Reporter* we discuss some aspects of Indian life, avoiding the mushy spiritualism, the ecstatic rapture, that infects a large part of the recent literature on that country with so much boring languor. Yet in this particular instance we have to say that Nehru's decision was prompted mostly by spiritual motives. He is one of the few living men for whom an idea is a reality, the most concrete and compelling of all realities. The idea of freedom is the one he cherishes most, for he has been seeking after freedom for his people and himself all his life. He has now acknowledged the fact that there cannot be a free India in an unfree world.

'I Told You So'

All those who did not want to recognize Red China under any conditions, who all along favored throwing the Communist nations out of the U.N., who never doubted that a shooting war had to start sooner or later, and sooner rather than later—all these people feel, if not exactly happy, vindicated. They think that they have been right, and that later events will prove them righter. Everywhere one hears that new centers of war will sprout in various spots until, of course, the conflagration embraces the globe. Total war.

We have very little patience with these prophets of gloom even when they seem to have guessed right or when some of the policies they have advocated in opposition to the government are adopted, under entirely changed circumstances, by the government. Politics, national and international, is something more than a lottery in which those are proven smart who foresee the winning combination of numbers or colors. In politics, among other things, you must take the right action at the right time, and the rightest of all actions are those that let the enemy do all the things necessary to bring about his own defeat. This time the enemy has done well by us. He has given the Asian nations the same shock that awakened the Europeans at the time when Masaryk died.

The conflict remains — indeed, is more than ever—a political conflict. Military actions are just sample actions, and their importance is determined by the repercussions in the imagination and the will of men. Only a high-ranking and well-salaried "Partisan of Peace" can now believe in American war-mongering. On the other hand, our military intervention in Korea was, from the moment it started, an American political victory. Politics is still our major field of operations, and military weapons must be used not just to kill aggressors but to influence men.

There are people who act and talk as if they were the godfathers of the atomic bomb or the underwriters of the inevitable war. We don't think anything is inevitable in the present world situation—least of all, total war, if only we react the way we did on the 27th of June whenever the enemy wants to test our strength and our determination.

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Correspondence

'This Above All . . .'

To the Editor: In his article "What Can Ex-Communists Do?", Isaac Deutscher attributes to me a conservative position, something like a "lesser evil," in respect to the Communist danger. Mr. Deutscher's assertion is entirely unfounded. In my writings, in my speeches, and in my acts, no one could find the least trace of the position he ascribes to me. Not only do I deny the absurd dilemma of "Bolshevism or conservatism," but I am profoundly convinced that my opposition to the old social order is as radical today as it was when I found myself among the Communists. Isaac Deutscher asks me if the suffering of the peasants of Fontamara has disappeared today. Does he believe, then, that because of the fact that I am now no longer in the Communist Party, I find myself on the side of Prince Torlonia? *Tertium non datur?* It is madness.

Isaac Deutscher, to conclude, advises ex-Communists to imitate Goethe and Shelley. I would give, to them and to others, advice which is terribly more difficult: to imitate nobody, but to try to be one's self.

IGNAZIO SILONE
Rome, Italy

Woods and Trees

To the Editor: I became increasingly upset the farther along I read in your June 6 issue, "Behind and Beyond McCarthy." I join you in heartily deploring the "witch hunting" aspects in Senator McCarthy's campaign. But to my mind he is merely an unworthy tool, using unworthy methods. The end toward which he is blundering is one that must be reached: expulsion of Communists from the government.

I recommend most earnestly to your study *Seeds of Treason,* the story of Alger Hiss and Whittaker Chambers, by Ralph de Toledano and Victor Lasky. It presents a story of Communist infiltration into government ranks that must horrify even the most scoffing Americans, from whose ranks you seem to draw your writers and contributors.

Again, I want to say that there are far better and useful means of achieving a worthwhile aim than Senator McCarthy has chosen, but I also feel that *The Reporter* has sorely missed the woods for the trees.

MRS. ROBERT H. BALL
Cleveland

'Clear the Air'

To the Editor: In "Friendship Is a Two-Way Street" (in your May 23 issue), Mr. Minifie has taken a subject of vital interest to all Canadians and presented it in the objective manner so splendidly sustained in your magazine.

Every reasonably well-read Canadian will recognize the authenticity of Mr. Minifie's instances, as he has not obtained his case histories from obscure sources. The Newfoundland stories, the history of the St. Lawrence Waterways project, the "standardization" of U.S.-Canadian military equipment are all familiar to us here. It is heartening to know they will be brought to the attention of Americans concerned about continuation of our "traditional friendship."

I think it is what appears to be a "conspiracy of silence" in the United States concerning controversies with this country which seems to offend Canadians most. There are Canadians who believe U.S. Senators and Congressmen are discouraged by your State Department from talking up Canadian-American differences of opinion.

Perhaps a good rousing fight between us —not with standardized arms, of course— would help clear the air a little. Meanwhile, you have done Canada a great favor.

The Reporter's art and words are much admired here.

JAMES BAXTER
Toronto

Pre-Spending?

To the Editor: In your issue for May 23 I read with interest Victor Reuther's "Pensions—Labor's Case." We have had four exhausting rounds of wage increases on the fallacy that prices would stay down and over-all purchasing power would be increased. Now the Reuthers are demanding dollar pensions based upon debt and paper money of indeterminate but progressively decreasing value. May not such a promised oasis be lost in a desert mirage?

The automobile industry is approaching physical as well as financial saturation and a reduced rate of replacement. Yet the Murrays and the Reuthers talk glibly of pensions which can only be financed from capital accumulated after payment of taxes and going rates of wages now spent; and future earnings of capital, industry, and labor—when and if.

Politicians of both parties are subsidizing artificially high labor rates with unemployment "insurance" and all the ramifications of social security. With characteristic intellectual dishonesty, they are passing the bulk of the cost on to future generations. If they repudiate a debt which had been incurred and spent by us, who will hold the bag?

Ignoring the burden of public debt, accumulated wealth and current income are being drained off by excessive estate and income taxes to buy political favors. A relatively few prosperous middle-aged people cannot carry the unions and the politicians on their backs. Most young couples are now overextended with long-term debt.

What would happen if the Department of Justice sued G.M. and UAW for combination in restraint? Or, failing this, if the competitors had to quit or sell out to G.M.? Or if excessive estate and inheritance taxes force the same result?

GEORGE M. ZIMMERMAN
Detroit

Contributors

O. F. Mills is the pseudonym of an expert on military strategy. . . . Phillips Talbot spent many years in India as an associate of the Institute of Current World Affairs and as correspondent of the Chicago *Daily News.* . . . Percival Spear lectures at Cambridge and writes for the *Manchester Guardian.* His recent book on India and Pakistan has not yet been published in the United States. . . . Christine Weston's latest novel, *The World Is a Bridge,* like her previous novels and short stories, has India as a setting. . . . H. A. DeWeerd, author of *Great Soldiers of the Two World Wars,* teaches history at the University of Missouri. . . . Sid Lens writes from Europe. He wrote *Left, Right and Center,* and is the organizational director of the United Service Employees Union. . . . Hal Lehrman, author of *Russia's Europe,* headed OWI operations in Turkey in 1942 and 1943, and has since revisited that country several times. . . . William Costello has just returned from the Far East, where he was correspondent for the Columbia Broadcasting System. . . . Mary McCarthy writes short stories, novels, and dramatic criticism. She is the author of *The Company She Keeps* and *The Oasis.* . . . Cover by C. Ishii; photographs from Magnum.

The Editors

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The Reporter
A FORTNIGHTLY OF FACTS AND IDEAS

July 18, 1950 Volume 3, No. 2

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Editorial

Where We Left Off

1950 is not like 1938—not by a long shot. There's no use discussing whether, or to what extent, Stalin's timetable and strategy are similar to Hitler's. The important thing is that the democracies are different now from a decade ago. We all say, "this is where we came in"; but actually, this is where we left off—this is where we get back to the unfinished business of stamping out totalitarian aggression.

The actions of the U. S. government offer the clearest evidence of how much the democracies have learned since Munich. The measures of defense and offense taken against Communism give coercive power to the international organization that until now has been little more than a debating society. This time our knowledge of how the world should be organized precedes, and may prevent, the outbreak of total war.

The President's declaration of June 27 was a firm, deliberate act—not a statement of pious intentions. For months, since the Communist conquest of China, all the major pronouncements of our government—however well-thought-out and intelligent—were cursed by a strange lack of resonance. They were like white fire that gives off light but little heat. The people on our side and our own people could find not much comfort or guidance in the idea of total diplomacy or of building our military strength to a point where the Russians would respect it. Meanwhile, the "Partisans of Peace" were running riot all over continental Europe. The Communists seemed to have confiscated and defiled the words that used to express our most cherished ideas—words like "peace," and "democracy," and "people." Many men and women—including the writers of *The Reporter*—were asking, sometimes in anguish, when our government would say the words that would fire the imagination of men.

Perhaps it was wrong to expect so much of mere words. Now the action of the U. S. government has the clarity, the power of persuasion, the ring that the official statements of U. S. purposes had lacked. It can perhaps be said that not even President Roosevelt, in his masterly conduct of the war, ever took a decision so timely, so momentous, and so profoundly right. This does not mean that Truman is a greater man than Roosevelt. It simply means that Truman and the men around him remember what happened ten years ago. Ten years ago the democracies were pushed by the enemy from a phony war into a real war. This time, they want to move deliberately from a phony peace into a real peace.

The New U. N.

No matter what Russian shenanigans may be in store, it will be a different U. N. that will emerge from the present trial. In this new U. N., the United States is willing to take initiative by itself, but not for itself alone. If the United States does not act on crucial occasions like the invasion of Southern Korea, nobody can. But if the United States should act arrogantly or selfishly, nobody would follow.

There is no room in the new United Nations for the representatives of Communist governments, which have, since the end of the war, practically walked out of the community of nations. But the empty seats should remain there, waiting for the time when the people whom Communism oppresses will come in. Like Lincoln during the Civil War, we cannot recognize secession, nor compromise with rebellion.

The United States has drawn the line against further Communist aggression in Asia as well as in Europe, and is ready, together with the other United Nations that can afford it, to hold that line even at the cost of war. Yet this is not primarily a battle line. It cannot become just a high fortified wall, from behind which the people under Communism will hear only rattling of arms and shooting of guns. Drawing the line will be little more than an invitation to war, if we are not capable of doing things and saying words that will cross the line and shake the people's fear of their Communist leaders.

In fact, the right actions have a persuasiveness of their own, and the right words carry on the impact of the persuasive actions. In the conduct

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of international affairs these days nothing is more absurd than to keep military and political strategy in separate compartments: the Department of Organized Brutality and the Department of Sly Persuasion. The Communists must keep their words divorced from their deeds: they provoke peripheral wars while organizing the "Partisans of Peace," and they bring subversion to foreign countries while proclaiming their respect for the principle of noninterference. We can give them the lie and show that, unlike them, we live by the ideals that we assert.

Our Deeds and Our Words

Our government leaders had no choice when they decided that military installations and troop concentrations in Northern Korea were to be thoroughly bombed. Yet this is only part of the job. We must also present our case to the people of Northern Korea, let them know through all means of communication that we want their country to be united and free and that we have in fact done the best we could in giving economic assistance to the Southern Koreans and leaving them free to choose their own leaders. We will do more and better for the united people of Korea, since we are acquiring a closer knowledge of their plight and needs. In the same way, we should tell the people of China that we don't have, and have never had, any quarrel with them and that not we but the Russians who stole Manchuria are their enemies.

After the Communist invasion of Southern Korea the global plan of Russian strategy has become so clear that we need only to spell it out and bring it home to its intended victims. The Russian leaders want to fight America and its allies to the last North Korean, to the last Chinese or Burmese or Malayan—to the last German or French or Italian Communist. In fact, they want every race of men ready to shed its blood against the United States and its allies. Only the Russians are to be left out, ready for the final kill.

This is more than a plan against America. This is a plan against the human race—a conspiracy of which the Russian people themselves have been the first victims. It will not succeed, for like all would-be conquerors of world-wide empire, the Communist leaders have overestimated their own capacity for frightening and befuddling men. Now they have against them not the United States alone, but the United Nations—the political organization that the people of the world have created as a safeguard of their own peace.

The American Case

This is also the time when the American people can make themselves known, finally and truly, to the rest of the world, for the ranks of mankind are closing in, all around us. We are not a super-race, and no American madman has ever pretended that we are. We are people of nearly all races, with no particular liking for ideologies, and no desire to impose our mode of living on the rest of the world. We cherish simple ideals—like decency and fair play—which are frequently contradicted in our own midst by greedy interests and unthinking habits. America is not a nation where everything is right and just; but it is a nation where people can always put up a fight against what is wrong and unjust. If those who fight have determination and guts, they ultimately win. The Americans have it in their grain that wealth, government, and social security are very important things—but never so important as to demand the unlimited subjection of the individual.

It is right and proper that now the United States is at the center of that coalition of mankind called the United Nations, for Americans are a breed of men who for a century and a half have shown the world what men can achieve if they work hard, rule themselves according to principles that they themselves have established, and enjoy a large measure of peace. The Americans are the common sense of mankind. They can be hated, of course. But anybody who hates Americans hates the human race.

The first European settlers in America knew how to use the shovel and the gun. Now the tools of work and the weapons of warfare have become infinitely more complex and their reach has been prodigiously enlarged. But the American people are still superbly capable of using both. Just because they are no different from anybody else, they can perform the acts, set the examples, say the words that the rest of mankind can understand.

In the last war the American people had no choice but to bring destruction in ever-increasing measure on the enemy—from Germany to Hiroshima. This time they and the people of the world want to build a structure in which all can live in peace. Building sometimes requires thorough demolition and blasting jobs. But this time we do not have to blast cities just to spread terror: Our aim is to liberate people and destroy the leaders who exploit them. We, first among all the people of the world—first in power and first in responsibility—want freedom and peace. Freedom first, for in a peace without freedom the people have no stake and no share.

—MAX ASCOLI

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India—Pivot of Asia

It leads an Orient just beginning to awaken to Communist imperialism

In the course of the past four years the Communists have applied acute pressure at one point after another in a vast arc of nations—from Iran, Greece, and Turkey to China, Southeast Asia, and now Korea. Almost at the middle of this arc stand India and Pakistan—the political and spiritual, as well as the physical center of the Oriental world. A series of natural barriers—the East Persian desert, the mountain ranges of the Hindu Kush, the Pamir plateau, the Himalayas, and the Assam-Burma frontier—make the Indian subcontinent one of the great natural fortresses of the world—not unconquerable, but presenting tremendous difficulties to any attacker. Finally, the subcontinent's terrain and weather make it potentially a huge air base.

Today the nations of the southern and eastern fringe of Asia are just gradually beginning to present a clear-cut picture of opposition to the Soviets and adherence to the free world. They

still form a confused, almost patternless smear of contradictory tendencies, passions, and apprehensions. Just as in western Europe, but to a much higher degree, the basic tension between the two great opposing camps is overlaid and complicated by rivalries between countries, races, and above all religious groups, parties, and minorities down to the smallest grouplets and splinters. All of these are fiercely agreed on only one point: a fanatical determination to preserve their hard-won freedom. This is why the nations have turned, for moral and practical leadership, to India, which, sharing their traditions, outlook, problems, fears, and hopes, is able to serve both as a supporting neighbor and as their natural spokesman before the world and the Anglo-Saxon democracies. And this, too, is why all of India's rather cautious and unassuming moves toward Asian co-operation—in particular the eastern conference called by Prime Minister Nehru in January, 1949—have met with an enthusiasm which has astonished and overwhelmed even their authors.

Many Asians are not inclined to view the menace of Communist aggression with quite the same degree of alarm and aversion as we of the West; at least they weren't so inclined before the attack on Korea. Even the Czars were not altogether unpopular in Asia, partly because Asians, unlike Europeans, considered Russia their cultural superior and partly because the Russians lacked the Anglo-Saxon habit of racial discrimination. The Russians often aimed for real contact with the *masses* of their Oriental subjects and neighbors, instead of only the élite. With the Communist revolution, which from the outset was a revolt of certain Russians *and* Oriental groups (Stalin, after all, is an Oriental) against the existing Russian *and* Oriental régimes, this difference between the Russian and the Anglo-Saxon approaches to the Asian nations was accentuated still further.

Ever since Lenin's day, the mobilization of Oriental nationalism has been a major item on the Communist agenda. The Soviets have done what the Czars failed to do: They have raised in the Oriental fringes of the original Soviet empire a new class, the intelligentsia, made up of teachers, doctors, engineers, civil servants—and including not only men but, *mirabile dictu,* women. True, the severe inner stresses to which the Communist Party has been subjected at the great turning-points of its policy have not failed to affect these "Oriental appendices." Not a few of the pioneers of Bolshevism in Central Asia have been eliminated (notably Faizulla Khodjayev, all-powerful president of the Uzbek S.S.R. until 1938 when, together with Rykov, Bukharin, and other "right-wing oppositionists," he was condemned as a "fascist spy" and executed).

Unrest arising out of the discontent of local groups has been reported as recently as the last few months, and the extent of it was indicated by the fact that Beria and Kaganovich, the post-war "pacifier" of the Ukraine, had to be sent to Tashkent in rapid succes-

sion. But these local frictions do not appear either strong or widespread enough to affect seriously the rising flood of Soviet Asian revolutionary dynamism, unleashed by the appeals to self-determination on the one hand and social, particularly agrarian, revolution on the other.

Russia's astuteness in dealing with

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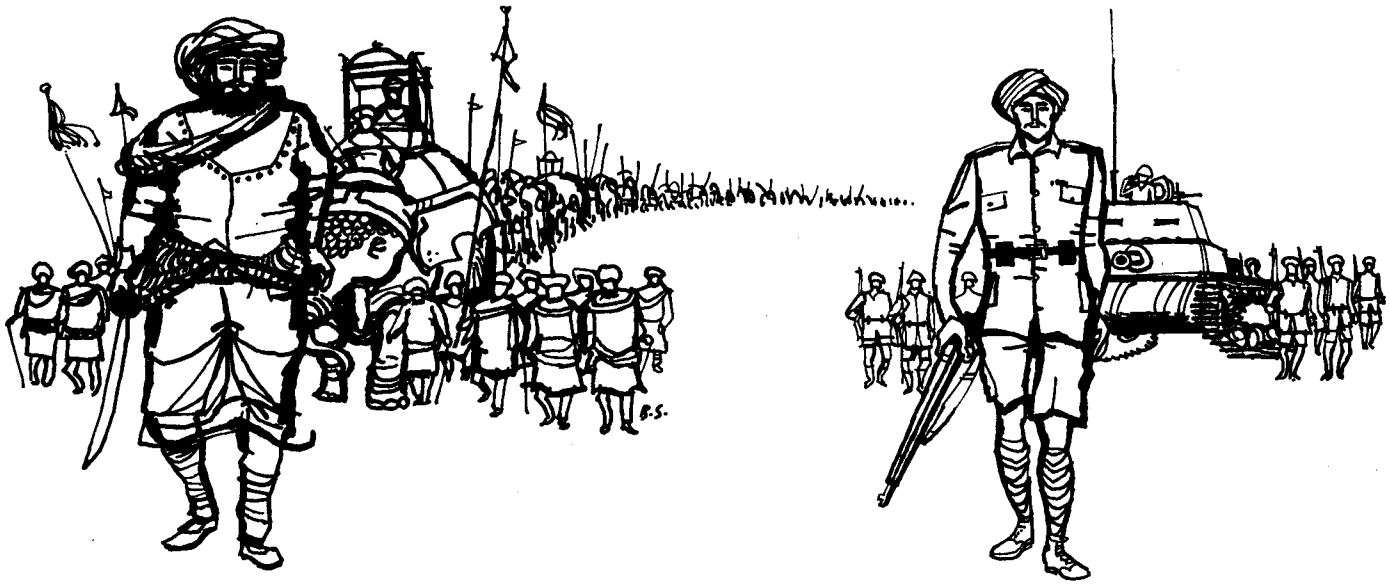

the Asians extends even to religion, which the West has counted on as a major bulwark against Communism.

The change in Russian policy toward religion—even though it amounts to nothing but a very strictly controlled toleration in place of the former open ridicule and persecution—has begun to make inroads. Though Oriental regents and statesmen, like Mohammed Zahir Shah, King of Afghanistan, and Mustapha El Nahas Pasha, Premier of Egypt, have denied that Communism is compatible with Islam, the very fact that they bring the matter up at all reveals that breaches have been made. Indeed, it is far from impossible that Bolshevism may, paradoxically, even succeed in utilizing religion as a Trojan horse to advance its cause in Asia. As the Kremlin plays down atheism, it would not be difficult for it to represent "egalitarian" Communism as twentieth-century Mohammedanism.

Ironically, even Oriental Christendom, accustomed to consider Russia its protector against the Moslems, might make itself unwittingly the tool of Soviet imperialism. Already, in Syria and Lebanon, various Orthodox Christian communities have reverted to the traditional concept that whoever rules Russia is their natural champion.

At the moment the strength of the forces that are thus collaborating—though often amid bitter rivalry amongst themselves—to pave the way for Communism is still almost completely concealed.

With very few exceptions, all of the Asian nations have been overwhelmed, at one time or another, by the tide of western colonialism—from which they have emerged only after the most vigorous struggles. On the whole, the measure of bitterness against the former overlords of the West has proved smaller than one would have expected. But, on the other hand, the determination to preserve the freedom that has been regained with such terrific effort is unbounded, and Asians are still terribly sensitive to any move or statement that seems to them to smack of concealed reimposition of their former bondage. The edge of that animosity and suspicion today directs itself primarily against the Dutch and the French. The British, with their greater political wisdom and mental flexibility, have on the whole succeeded in extricating themselves with considerably better grace.

The United States, as a result of its great tradition of friendship with China and India, and its record in the Philippines, has up to this moment succeeded fairly well in escaping the resentment and suspicion directed against the other western powers. But some Asians have been fearing that whatever the basic sentiments or previous record of the United States, its very policy of absolute opposition to the Bolshevik movement might lead it, even force it, into a wholly new form of imperialism in its efforts at containment of the Soviet bloc.

For good or bad reasons, a considerable number of Oriental statesmen are not inclined to see the Russian menace as the United States sees it, and asks them to see it. A strong tendency to cry "a plague on both your houses" was expressed, in terms that could hardly have been stronger, by the head of the Syrian delegation at the opening of the United Nations session last November, and has recently found an echo in the appeal of the Egyptian Premier to the heads of both blocs to sacrifice what he calls their pride in the common interest of "promoting peace."

The attack on Korea has, of course, already modified the entire Oriental attitude toward the Soviet Union, and here again the Indian reaction is likely to set the pattern for the Middle and Far East. Hitherto Russian aggression in Asia has been fairly effectively masqueraded in the guise of local nationalism; Nehru, though severe in his handling of India's own Communists, has tended to prefer neighboring Communist régimes to the reactionary alternatives. Now it is becoming increasingly plain that Russia represents a form of imperialism far more extreme than any Asia has yet experienced.

Such are the outside influences at work on the pivotal Indian subcontinent. Internally India is faced with a formidable array of urgent tasks: agrarian reform, industrialization, education, health. Yet, as Nehru has said, being in the center of Southern Asia, India cannot escape the liabilities and responsibilities that arise from geographical position. With a strength of approximately four hundred thousand men, the Indian Army is one of

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the largest in the world. India's air force ranks second in the British Commonwealth. The Kashmir campaign demonstrated the Indians' impressive natural military talent. Not only did the Indian Army prove capable of setting up within one year an entire higher headquarters and general staff, but, fighting its first campaign over very difficult ground, demonstrated astonishing ability to improvise. On the Pakistani side, the quality of the rank and file proved even higher, but the development of a native officer corps was less advanced. Of course this effort cost both sides a great deal; India put roughly fifty, and Pakistan about seventy-five, per cent of its budget into military expenditures.

Nehru's reluctance to take a position of out-and-out leadership in Asia has kept his nation clear of alliances. Because of this careful policy, India is listened to by its neighbors without suspicion. Even before the Korean affair, Nehru always emphasized that his refusal to commit India in advance to either side in the East-West struggle did not imply indifference. And now he has made it plainer than ever that where aggression raises its head, his government will not acquiesce tamely.

Nevertheless, we must not assume that India is ready to abandon its independent course altogether and follow any course we set. In supporting the Security Council on Korea, Nehru notified Trygve Lie that "This decision . . . does not . . . involve any modification of . . . foreign policy. This policy is based on the promotion of world peace and the development of friendly relations with all countries. It remains an independent policy which will continue to be determined solely by India's ideals and objectives."

What further effects the Kremlin's move in Korea will have on India cannot be foretold with certainty. But the probability is that it may strengthen Nehru and Liaquat Ali against local extremists, lessen the danger of war between the two countries, and ultimately encourage the re-establishment, at least as far as common defense is concerned, of the natural unity of the Indian peninsula.

The Kremlin leaders then will realize they are up against an increasingly alert subcontinent, drawn closer to the West by Communist aggression.

—O. F. Mills

Burden on Two Men

350,000,000 Indians count on Nehru and Patel

Old-timers regard the searing *lu* that sweeps New Delhi's broad boulevards in summer as a wind that blows no conceivable good. During the April-to-September hot season, it saps the vestiges of men's ambition. The majestic government buildings constructed by the British merely look oppressive in their hot-weather garb of protective grass matting over doors and windows. When the *lu* blows, shopkeepers on Connaught Circus expect no customers; beggars on Queensway, no alms.

These are the months when the bureaucrats and the nationalist leaders who govern India find the going hardest. The indescribable enervation of the long hot spell puts an added burden on men who are trying to consolidate and modernize their country. Thus the *lu* season is as much a political fact in India as Hindu-Moslem communalism or peasant restiveness.

"You Americans were so lucky with your revolution," a wistful official said to me one morning in a New Delhi coffeehouse. "You had only four million people, unlimited space and resources on an isolated continent, and time enough in a slow-moving age to work out your destiny.

"Today in India we have perhaps 350 million people in a relatively small area with restricted resources. At the same time that we frame a new political system, we must also make our way through an agrarian revolution, an industrial revolution, and a social and religious revolution."

At another of New Delhi's fashionable political forums, a tomato-juice cocktail party, a politician expressed it somewhat differently.

"We are being criticized by our own people, even through protest marches," he said. "They think this is just like the old days, when to be patriotic one had only to oppose the government, refuse to pay taxes, and go to jail.

"What we have to teach them now is that freedom means hard work. We need to restore railways and telecommunications, find grains to meet our national food shortage, manage a difficult inflation at home and foreign trade problems abroad, and tax more to pay higher governmental costs. With all that, we must somehow give people a higher living standard and a glimpse of the blessings of the independence for which they fought."

This rather prodigious order has been beyond the capacity of any single individual since Gandhi was killed. His old associates in the Indian National Congress organization, having assumed control of the national government and all the state governments, prefer to continue making up their collective mind by the familiar "working-committee" technique of extended discussion. Both in party executive sessions and national Cabinet meetings, the views of such men as Maulana Abul

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Kalam Azad, the Education Minister, carry great weight. Yet in the blended flavors of the brew that comes out of such sessions, two strains consistently stand out. Both political power and governmental authority reside primarily in the two highly dissimilar men who were closest to Gandhi, Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru and Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel.

Roughly speaking, Nehru and Patel divide between them all the authority that President Truman holds in this country, plus a good deal more. Their paramount influence extends not only to the executive department but also to the legislature. Their power in the Congress Party organization is greater than the party president's. They give the major leads to editorial opinion in the nationalist press. And they retain an extraordinary hold over the imagination of the hero-worshiping masses of India.

Nehru, the articulator and philosopher of the Indian national movement —the man who set it in a world context and, with Gandhi, made the world aware of it—now directs its consolidation. As Prime Minister, Nehru supervises the centralized administration against which he fought for many years. Nehru not only leads the Cabinet and correlates the work of the various ministries, he is also his own Foreign Minister.

Although he is a sixty-year-old grandfather whose fringe of hair has turned white, Nehru still rushes through life at a half-gallop. On a typical day he is up early for a quick breakfast. He races through a morning's agenda that may include Cabinet conferences, departmental work in external affairs, an appearance on the floor of Parliament, and the reception of a few of the hundreds of callers who pester him daily.

In the afternoon Nehru meets a Congress Party caucus, presides at the opening of a new technical institute or power project, or devotes himself to callers and files. That is not the end of the day. From his office he rushes perhaps to a public meeting and then to a diplomatic reception. If no state dinner is scheduled, there are visitors and friends to dine with the Prime Minister. Then, until midnight or after, he slogs away at office work.

Americans saw Prime Minister Nehru in action last autumn. Alert and vibrant, sensitive to the world of ideas, warmly human, he attracts affection so readily that a friend characterized him as "one of life's natural artists." Millions of his countrymen know intimately the many moods of "Panditji's" face. They watch for his quick, radiant smile of interest and approval, his occasional lightning flash of irritation, and the increasingly frequent sag of weariness.

Himself competent and cosmopolitan, Nehru displays arrogant contempt

when exposed to fools. I have seen an assistant stand rooted before the Prime Minister's sharp tongue. But the moment he realizes that he has given offense, remorse claims this Kashmiri Brahmin intellectual. With a softly contrite word or motion, he dismisses the incident.

India's peasants, like their more articulate countrymen, were proud when representatives of Asian nations came to Delhi in 1947 and again in 1949 at Nehru's bidding, and when he was so warmly received in the United States. They regard Nehru—as they did Gandhi—with an affection no American public figure could hope for.

Historians may perceive in Nehru a near-tragic blend of world consciousness, impulsive activity, and moody awareness that his destiny has been crossed by enervating compromises. When an idea excites him, he dashes ahead with a "damn the torpedoes" verve. Even as a youth, Nehru had to check and compromise his spirit. One Indian described him before the war as so torn between his loyalties to Marxian concepts and to non-Marxist Gandhi that he seemed schizophrenic. When Nehru organized peasant demonstrations, the Socialists claimed him as their own. But in every crisis his social principles capitulated to the greater need of keeping the nationalist movement unified against British rule, even when that meant following not only Gandhi but the anti-Socialist financiers who supported his party.

The Nehru story follows similar lines today. Temperamentally the Prime Minister is still persuaded that in a country as poor as India only the government can effectively marshal the national resources. In 1947 he was reported to have approved the "soak-the-rich" budget presented by Liaquat Ali Khan to the pre-independence Cabinet made up of a Congress-Moslem League coalition. When the Congress right wing broke out in bitter denunciation, however, he went along with his party again to avoid a split. Right now Nehru is ardently supporting a National Planning Commission, but in general economic policy he has acquiesced to a steady shifting to the Right as business and financial interests have pressed their cases.

After antagonizing India's war-rich financiers by talking of socialism and investigations of black-marketing and tax evasion, Nehru disappointed the moderate Left by agreeing that the government lacked resources to move into the economic fields which Congress Party manifestoes had always staked out for state control. His drive to make India really a secular state runs counter to strong Hindu movements. His pact with Pakistan led two Cabinet ministers to resign, even though the agreements probably saved the country from war.

"Sometimes," I was told, "it seems that Nehru has alienated practically everybody except the people. And even they sometimes worry about his seeming confusion and changeableness."

Nehru's astonishing popularity among peasants and workers is the more interesting because of his consciousness that he is doubly the patrician. He generally ignores outward

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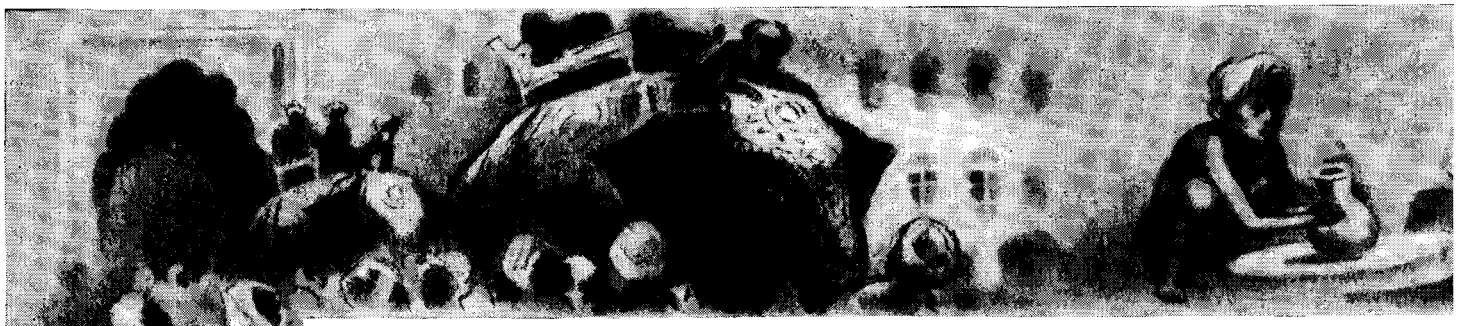

vanity, but in the realm of the mind Jawaharlal Nehru concerns himself a great deal with Jawaharlal Nehru and his relationship to world history, action, and destiny. His ruminative writings mirror both his blue-blooded heritage, which is of the highest in India, and the fact that he did a better job than most in acquiring the marks of western culture in his family home, at Harrow and Cambridge, and through indefatigable reading.

Looking inward, Nehru has declared himself neither a follower of organized religion nor a believer in an anthropomorphic God; persuaded of the weight of *karma*—the pressure of the past bearing on the events of the day—but not accepting complete determinism; a supporter of an ethical approach to life, with emphasis on Gandhi's concept of the right means; strongly humanistic but not a pacifist; impressed by Marx and Lenin's interpretation of social ills and by the achievements of the Russian Revolution, yet hungering for an idealist outlook; enthusiastic about the ways and possibilities of science; subject to a growing distaste for politics; caught constantly in the conflicts between thought and action, between one loyalty and another, and between equally distasteful courses. The list could go on indefinitely without exhausting the complexities of this man who directs the Cabinet and government of India.

Nehru is, as it happens, a particularly good example of the in-between generation that now flourishes in many parts of Asia. The white man who until recently held dominance in colonial areas has gone. Tomorrow may see the rise of truly indigenous leaders. But today belongs to such men as Nehru, who drank deeply at the wellsprings of their own culture yet were equally nourished by the free concepts of western learning. The heady fusion of East and West spurred them to throw off alien rule, left them still struggling to adjust or accommodate the western and eastern elements in their countries and in themselves.

Admitting in the first lines of his *Autobiography* that he had been spoiled as a child, later confessing that he detested yet needed the plaudits of the crowd, Nehru became the darling of the Indian nationalist movement while he was still very young. He led peasant movements, and he rushed about the countryside repeating to audience after audience his burning conviction that Indians could and must turn out British rule.

Yet beneath that bursting vigor of the 1920's there was something else. "My real conflict lay within me, a conflict of ideas, desires and loyalties, of subconscious depths struggling with outer circumstances, of an inner hunger unsatisfied," he wrote. "I became a battlefield, where various forces struggled for mastery. I sought an escape from this; I tried to find har-

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mony and equilibrium, and in this attempt I rushed into action."

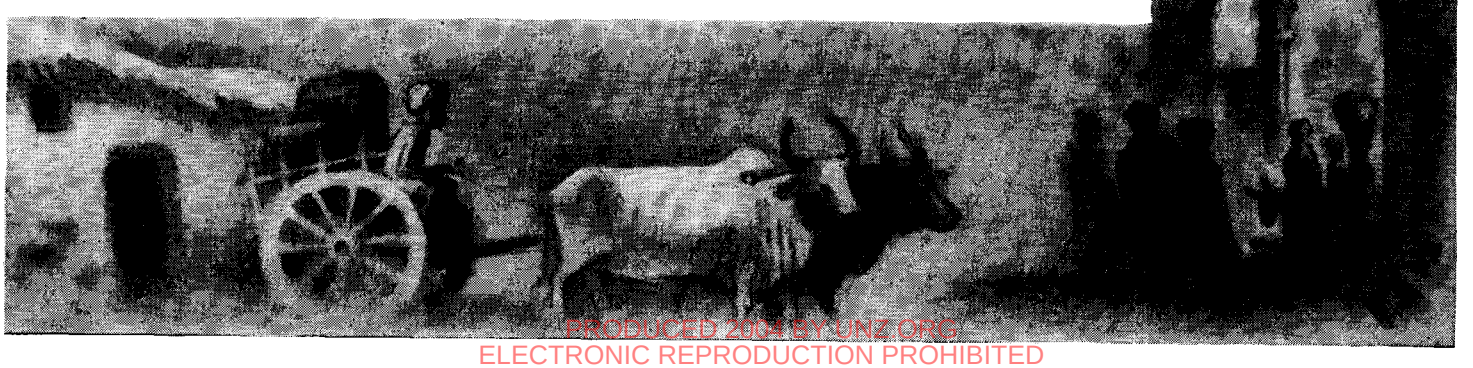
An era later, in 1946, the same man could write that, while "even now, the call of action stirs strange depths within me," nevertheless "the old exuberance is much less now, the almost uncontrollable impulses have toned down, and passion and feeling are more in check. The burden of thought is often a hindrance, and in the mind where there once was certainty, doubt creeps in."

In 1950, after three years of the most burdensome chores of national reconstruction, co-workers of Nehru still see in him the call of action, but some feel that doubt has crept in deeper. Buffeted as he is by the contradictions of a transitional society, and by the multiple and diverse claims pressed upon him, he often seems to withdraw more into himself, and let the burden of thought grow heavier.

In the United States last year Nehru spoke out against Russian Communism's strictures on individual human dignity. But he has long been impressed with Russia's social and economic reconstruction and with the Soviets' approach to such problems as education and treatment of ethnic minorities. He found the United States to be a curious combination of "hard-headedness and sentimentality." He took away not one impression of America—that the United States is carrying the banner of free civilization against Russian Communist imperialism—but a host of impressions, good and bad.

After his American tour, Nehru, in telling Indian audiences of American complexities, frequently reiterated that he had given no pledge that India would join the American "bloc." Irritrated at the implication, U. S. Ambassador Loy Henderson pointedly announced that the United States government had never asked Nehru to join any international grouping. What neither side said was that in the midst of a generally enthusiastic welcome some Americans had questioned Nehru's noninvolvement concept of India's role in the world, and that some Indians had been irked at what they thought was gratuitous advice on how their country should act. When a hint that India would welcome a concrete friendly gesture, such as the offer of a million tons of American wheat, failed to be picked up, Indian writers and commentators went through a familiar process of simplifying Nehru's responses to straight blacks and whites. An outbreak of irritability against the United States in the next several months was the result.

On the terrestrial plane, Deputy Prime Minister Patel is now perhaps Nehru's strongest prop. The antagonisms of the two men's supporters have been well publicized. Patel is a lawyer from a Gujerati family. He is soft-spoken but blunt, positive, and unshakable. A man who believes in directness



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more than in dreams, he has been called a reactionary, a union buster, and a warmonger. Yet Gandhi once commented, after they had jointly served a jail term, that "the affection with which he covered me recalls to me that of my own dear mother."

Patel's uncluttered administrative brain is reinforced by calculating political skill. He is seventy-five, and a heart ailment sometimes troubles him, yet Patel rates as the most forceful figure in Indian public life. While Nehru was in the United States, Patel carried through drastic cuts in public expenditures and a forced-savings plan for public employees, and gave sharp warnings to textile and other interests to cut their prices.

He holds three key Cabinet ministries. The Home Ministry gives him control of police and intelligence agencies. His influence over communications and publications is assured by control of the Information and Broadcasting Ministry. Through the States Ministry he unified India's territory by sweeping away the honeycomb of princely states. This smoothly accomplished feat has been one of the most effective contributions to free India's consolidation.

In his official chores, Patel has consistently used tough-minded, British-trained Indian bureaucrats who know what policies are good for the country but need Patel's authority to enforce them. To a considerable extent the Congress Party organization has been Patel's creation, and when sometimes he finds himself in a Cabinet minority, his party power pays off.

The Deputy Prime Minister devotes himself first of all to maintaining national peace and order. Socialists complain from direct experience that he restricts civil liberties, while Communist agitators have felt the full brunt of Patel's security measures in Calcutta, Hyderabad, and elsewhere. The Patel-sponsored Indian National Trade Union Congress has cracked Communist control over organized Indian labor. Disruptionist schemers of Hindu and Sikh politico-religious organizations have also felt the Home Minister's heavy hand, although he is generally friendly to what is called Hindu nationalism and has favored a firm policy against Pakistan.

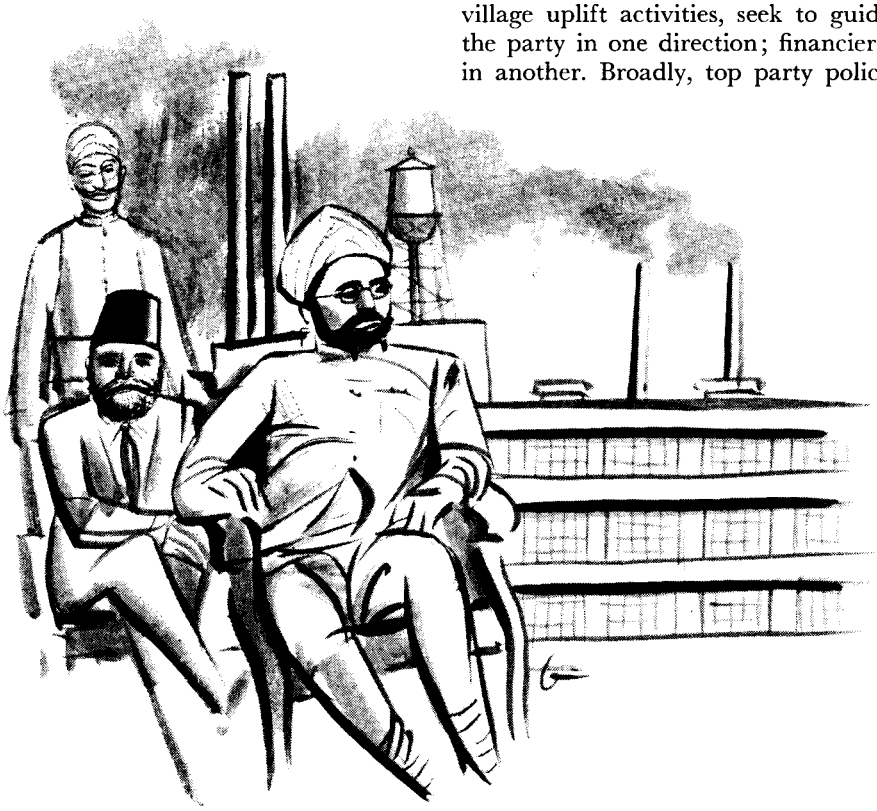
Patel, an unrepentant rightist, is also a friend of financiers. An American diplomat who was once invited to lunch with him found the multimillionaire G. D. Birla present, and eager to talk about India's hopes for economic arrangements with the United States. "I could not make out who was speaking for the government," the American later commented privately, "Patel or Birla."

If Patel were younger, he would undoubtedly make a bid to lead India according to his own philosophy. He could win the support of many Indians who think his firm policies, while they might make the rich richer, are to be preferred to Nehru's global-mindedness, long-range moderation, and hesitant semi-socialism. As it is, the two men co-operate warily but lean on each other heavily. Generally, neither intervenes in the other's special zone of authority. Although Nehru may not approve of some of Patel's techniques and Patel may be restive under Nehru, both of late have taken extreme care to preserve Cabinet and party solidarity.

It is difficult to get an opinion in India today on who could take up the reins of government after Patel and Nehru. "I pray that Nehru may have another ten active years" is a typical answer to the question.

The Congress Party is a curious mélange. Built to fight British rule, it once brought together all Indians, from villagers to nationally prominent intellectuals and industrialists, and included many Moslems as well as the bulk of the Hindus. After the 1937 elections, political workers began tasting the plums of authority. Party "fixers" appeared. Bureaucrats got orders from both official and unofficial sources. Yet the party's primary role continued to be the attack on British rule. The 1945-1946 elections, held after many Congressmen had spent several war years in jail, proved that the earlier party solidarity remained.

Today Indians know that it is much easier for a conglomerate organization to be against something than for something. The British masters are gone. In consequence, the old unity has given way to a series of tugs of war. Some party members—as well as Socialists and others outside the Congress—urge the government to redeem the pledge that Nehru once made for "the devesting of the great vested interests of India." Other party elements, identified more closely with Patel, seek to give business much more freedom. This group has been consolidating its beachheads and driving its offensive home. "Gandhians," with their interest in village uplift activities, seek to guide the party in one direction; financiers, in another. Broadly, top party policy



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is drifting toward economic "right centrism" and intense nationalism.

In theory the national and state ministries are under instructions from the Congress Party. Yet party members outside the government can see authority slipping from them to Congressmen who also hold official and parliamentary posts. Even the search for new leadership in India goes on chiefly among Congressmen who hold portfolios in state ministries. If the "Congress raj" survives, such men are likely to hold the reins in the next political generation.

But the Congress raj is threatened from several directions. While ministries like that in Bombay stand strong, factionalism in West Bengal, East Punjab, and Uttar Pradesh (United Provinces) has induced accusations of inefficiency, nepotism, jobbery, and corruption. Political corruption has always operated at some levels in India, as in other countries. Because of the party's new role, it has now appeared in Congress activities.

"Another of our difficulties," in the words of a party elder, "is that ambitious young men no longer devote themselves to work in villages and labor colonies, as in Gandhi's day. Now they hang around secretariats with a sharp eye out for jobs or contracts."

In short, the Congress organization is creaking. Competition from the Socialist Party, whose leader, American-educated Jai Prakash Narain, is regarded as a coming man in India, and other groups is intensifying. Resentment and resistance are being aired both to the Left and to the Right. Yet so long as law and order are maintained and the social revolution proceeds under some control, the Congress Party may be reinspirited by the adrenalin of the 1951 election campaign.

India, having survived the first crises of independence, faces a further array of economic and social hurdles.

India formerly exported raw materials to purchase foreign manufactured goods. Now it must import the equivalent of Pakistan's surplus wheat, raw cotton, and jute in order to feed its people and run its textile mills. This change has contorted the national economy, and is forcing India to seek self-sufficiency in food and fibers.

The official who said that India had to cope with "an agrarian revolution, an industrial revolution, and a social and political revolution" knew his homeland. When the first national elections of free India are held, full adult franchise will enable possibly 150 million people to vote, as against not more than thirty million in any previous election; the newly admitted four-fifths of the electorate are the completely underprivileged of India—those who could pass no property, educational, or military-service test for voting under the previous franchise. Their impact on politics and the impact of politics on them may be profound.

In recent months India and Pakistan have averted war by face-to-face talks between their Prime Ministers, but their basic disputes are by no means fully resolved. These include river rights in the divided Punjab; compensation for property left behind by fleeing refugees in 1947; exchange rates between the devalued Indian rupee and the nondevalued Pakistan rupee (on this problem hangs the whole trade relationship between the two countries); protection of minority communities in divided Bengal and other areas; and the Kashmir dispute.

If Nehru and Patel fail to moderate the differences between India and Pakistan, extreme Hindu nationalists will put up a hard campaign to wrest the government from the present leaders. In Pakistan, too, extremists are calling for belligerence against India. War in the Indian subcontinent could crumble South Asia's last fortress against the Communists.

The Nehru Government's firm, though delayed, support for the United Nations Security Council's move to give armed aid to South Korea is of decisive importance. Nehru had interpreted the malaise of the world as in large part a power struggle between the behemoths of Washington and Moscow. India disagreed with American support of Bao Dai in Indo-China ("a French puppet") and of Chiang Kai-shek in Formosa ("repudiated by the Chinese people"), and hoped to preserve the peace in Asia through an understanding with Communist China.

The Korean decision by no means changed all this. India promptly made it clear that its policy of noninvolvement in power struggles was unchanged. But if events confirm the possibility that India and the western democracies can work together on a moral basis to meet further security problems, it will be vastly significant for the whole of South Asia.

Some visitors to India this year have called attention to similarities between the Congress Party's position now and that of China's Kuomintang in 1927. Few Indians would agree with the implication that their country is destined to go the same road as China. But they do recognize that India's future strength depends upon intelligent, effective, and constant work, in the hot season as well as in the cold.

—Phillips Talbot

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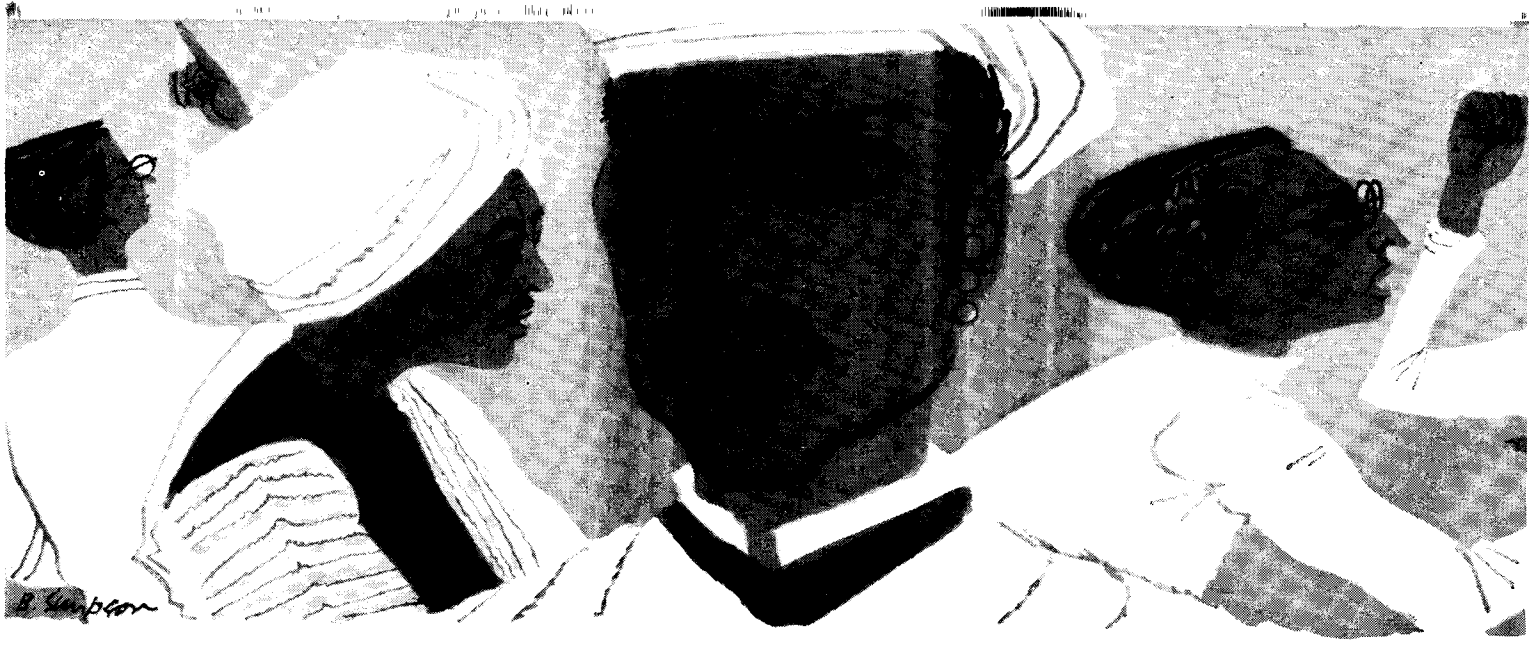

Pakistan—Birth of a Nation

The three-year-old state has prospered despite bitterness and friction

The state of Pakistan has existed for less than three years, the policy of Pakistan for barely ten, and the very name for only eighteen. In this short space of time there has arisen a nation of more than eighty million—the largest Moslem state in the world, and the most populous territory between the Indus and the Nile. Thus can the "unchanging" East hustle when moved by fear, passion, and idealism. The seat of the oldest known civilization in the world has become the cradle of the world's youngest state.

Pakistan has suffered in the forum of world opinion because of its novelty and its close connection with much larger India, which inherited an ancient name, an organized administration, a homogeneous people, a tradition, and a history. Pakistan had none of these things; and because the public habitually linked the two names in its mind and preferred the familiar to the unknown, it has received less attention than its importance demands.

When the British re-established the Indian empire, the Hindus were the first to benefit. By adopting western education and learning English they monopolized public office and created a middle class which has now taken over power. The Moslems were two generations late in moving forward, and the motive which prompted them was not the hope of restoring their empire, which they deemed beyond recall, but the fear of being overwhelmed by modernized Hinduism. They came to terms with the West in order to save themselves from extinction by the East.

Moslem separatism was strengthened by each Indian demand for self-government, and it soon deepened into a dread of the Moslem community's being Hinduized. The British were foreign, but their Christian background made them preferable to the Hindus, with their caste and their idolatry. At the same time, the new nationalism forbade the Moslems from remaining passive under foreign rule, or from being stooges for the British in holding the Hindus down. From this tension of fear and idealism emerged the idea of Pakistan, involving physical as well as cultural separation. Its preceptor was the educator Syed Ahmad Khan, its philosopher the great poet Sir Mohammad Iqbal, its christener Choudhri Rahmat Ali, its architect and practical manager Mohammad Ali Jinnah. It is significant that the most ardent Pakistanis of the early days came from Moslem minority communities in Hindu majority provinces. Liaquat Ali Khan is an example.

All the emotional forces which were pent up during the agitation for partition were immeasurably strengthened by the manner of this ideal's achievement. The massacres and the migrations filled Pakistan with bitter memories and many thousands of Pakistanis with both anguish and anger. It is estimated that half a million Moslems lost their lives in the Punjab (no exact figures are known) and that seven million refugees entered Pakistan from India.

The Pakistanis are a nation in the sense that they share common ideals, interests, grievances, and fears. But they are not one people. The state is divided into two parts separated by a thousand miles of Indian territory, joined only by an imaginary line drawn through the air. Eastern Bengal is tropical, devoted to rice and jute cultivation and intersected by watercourses; its people belong to the emotional and pacific Bengali race, and

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differ only from their Indian brethren across the border in religion. The dry and dusty northwest, ringed with mountains and deserts, has reared a sterner breed. Mostly descendants of former invaders from central Asia, the western Pakistanis are steady and industrious farmers in peace, brave and tenacious soldiers in war. The western Pakistani is slow, obstinate, and staunch. He holds to the Moslem faith with simple-minded loyalty. On the northwestern fringes which border Afghanistan live the Pathan tribesmen, as fierce and untamed as ever, devoted to the Prophet and plunder. Britain controlled them with guns and money, and trained its own army in the process; Pakistan seeks to control them by appealing to their common religion, and to win them over by education and economic development.

On the banks of the lower Indus works the Sindi—on the wide irrigated lands which are the last monument of British rule. Although he is less restless than the frontiersman, he is also less advanced than the Punjabi, and fewer in number. In the great towns of Lahore and Karachi are to be found the new Pakistani intelligentsia, whose outlook may be broadly described as one of western secularism tempered by Islamic ideals. An important element, chiefly in the west, are the seven million or so refugees, mainly settled in the west Punjab, or huddled in the overcrowded towns. They are far from completely assimilated and form an abiding source of bitterness and friction. Lastly, there are the Hindu minorities, some thirteen million in the east and a quarter of a million in the west.

The population is unevenly distributed. Eastern Pakistan, one of the most densely populated areas in the world, contains about three-fifths of Pakistan's eighty millions. Thus the physical vigor, martial spirit, and religious enthusiasm are chiefly concentrated in the less populous western provinces, while the main source of wealth (the jute crop) lies in the populous, peaceful, and isolated east.

A pessimist might compare the task of getting the western and the eastern Pakistani to work in accord with that of making the lion and the lamb lie down together. But Pakistan is held together by an ardent nationalism and determination to be on its own. Government has largely been on an emergency basis. Jinnah, while he lived, was a popular dictator in the manner of the Turkish Atatürk, although without his ruthlessness. He *was* Pakistan. His mantle is now worn by his lieutenant, Liaquat Ali Khan, on whom has descended some of the late chief's moral authority, and who has enlarged his heritage by his ability and his single-minded devotion to the cause.

The resilience of Pakistan's economy has surprised its most ardent supporters. A country without industrial resources, most informed observers thought, could not long maintain itself in the modern world. There are neither the raw materials for heavy industry nor sources of electric power—other than waterfalls. But Pakistan has not only balanced its budget before India has; it has achieved a favorable balance of trade with both the United States and Britain, because of its exportable surpluses of commercial crops—particularly jute, cotton, and tea. Both America and Britain are ready purchasers, and thus dollars and sterling can be earned for the purchase of oil for transport and machinery for development. Pakistani economists are still not without their problems. At the time of partition their country did not possess a single jute mill. Worse, it had only the third-class port, at Chittagong, from which to export raw jute. And suppose the American demand for burlap and jute declines, or jute is undercut by synthetic substitutes? Pakistan also depends on India for the sale of much of its jute. In addition, it depends on India for coal, and is short of textile machinery. Its oil supplies are scanty, and its one source of power—water—is mainly derived from the disputed area of Kashmir and the adjacent highlands. The task of Pakistan is to achieve a balanced economy, to avoid too great a dependence on too few crops, and to build up such industries as its natural resources allow.

Pakistan's foreign relations consist of a pressing reality and some threatening possibilities. The reality is India, and the possibilities Afghanistan and Russia. There have been signs that Afghanistan has been encouraging the Pathan independence movement, with a view, no doubt, to ushering the Pathans into the Afghan parlor. But the majority of the lanky, turbaned tribesmen have no intention of walking into anyone's parlor, and the mountaineers' keen eye for profit directs them to the plains of Pakistan rather than the arid hills of Afghanistan. There have been

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signs of a Pakistan flirtation with Russia, but also more recent evidence of increasing bashfulness in that direction. In fact, the first advances were a way of expressing annoyance with what was thought to be Britain's partiality to India, especially over Kashmir. The arrival of Soviet trade commissars in Karachi soon discouraged the flirtation, even if it did not remove the annoyance. Within Pakistan, there are practically no Communists.

The ever-present concern of Pakistan abroad is India. In the few weeks of Lord Louis Mountbatten's fevered preparations for partition there was real good will and hope of more. Then came the Punjab killings and the Kashmir war. Friction has been heavy ever since. The immediate causes may be listed as refugees, Kashmir, and devaluation. We shall never know the full story of the first migrations, but it is known that Pakistan received a million more refugees than it lost, and that one in every four persons in western Pakistan is a refugee. Just as both sides seemed to be settling down to a morose acceptance of the inevitable, a fresh exodus from both sides began this year. The statesmanship of Liaquat and Nehru has achieved an agreement which has once more relieved tension. But it is difficult to cultivate normal relations when ten million uprooted persons in contiguous areas are longing to be at each others' throats.

As for Kashmir, the sudden accession of this Moslem majority state to India at the whim of its Hindu ruler was a blow to Pakistani pride, but the question is more than one of wounded vanity. Pakistan sees in Kashmir a major political issue. Kashmir resembles Hyderabad in its possession of a majority of one religious community ruled by a prince of the other; the arguments for Indian "police action" in Hyderabad point to the union of Kashmir with Pakistan. What is sauce for the Indian goose, it is argued, should be sauce for the Pakistani gander. But Pakistani concern does not stop there. Kashmir supplies the water for the great Punjab irrigation schemes. India already controls the headwaters of some Pakistan canals; with full possession of Kashmir it would control them all, and it has shown some signs of using this situation as a lever for exercising pressure. Pakistan feels that Indian control of all Kashmir would amount to a dangerous encirclement.

On the Indian side, there are considerations of prestige, of trade, and of personalities (Pandit Nehru is a Kashmiri). The Pakistan government may not wish to fight, but it might some day be overborne by one of those upsurges of passion which occasionally seize the normally stolid Punjabi. "Islam is in danger!" is still a potent cry. But if deprived of water for its canals, the government itself might feel its very existence threatened.

The last issue concerns trade, and especially Pakistan's refusal to devalue its currency, which has hit India, with its devalued rupee, hard.

However serious all these matters may seem at times, they are irritants rather than vital threats. The refugee issue should eventually settle itself. If the problem of Kashmir is settled, all else will fall into place. It is the keystone of the arch of good will between the two countries, and the wisest leaders of both are well aware that without a working arrangement there can be no future for either country. That is why the leaders negotiate so amicably. But Pakistan, like India, has its extremists and its men of obstinate memory. That is why agreements concluded at top level are apt to break down in execution. That is why the leaders cannot make too many concessions. That is why United Nations intervention, if resolutely and patiently pressed, may succeed, by enabling each nation to concede to a third party what it would not dare concede to the other.

The pressure on Pakistan from without has so far prevented the tensions within from reaching the breaking point. But tensions there are, and it may even be argued that Pakistan's external worries have been a blessing in disguise. There is the long-term problem of integrating east and west Pakistan; there is the pressing problem of handling the tribes by persuasion instead of force. There are problems of graft and corruption created by partition, and by the thrusting of untrained men into positions of unexampled difficulty. Most serious of all, perhaps, is the tug of war between traditionalist and reformer—the back-to-the-Koran fundamentalist and the follow-the-West modernist. The leaders of the nation are generally forward-looking, but aware that volcanic forces of fanaticism lurk beneath the surface.

The management of these forces is the supreme task of Pakistani leadership. Pakistan is fortunate in its leaders. Liaquat Ali Khan, comfortable, self-possessed, and good-humored, conceals beneath a placid exterior much shrewdness and not a little wit. He illustrates in his own person the effects of Hindu rule upon Moslems, for he comes of an aristocratic family in the Moslem minority region of the United Provinces. With family memories of Mogul rule, he is no stranger to responsibility. As compared with his master Jinnah, he is *primus inter pares* rather than a dictator or father of his people. His influence has steadily grown, and it has grown as much by example as by precept or presence. Hindus and Moslems know well how to rate talkers at their true value. For disinterested action and single-minded purpose there has always been a deep respect.

Liaquat's Foreign Minister is the subtle and judicious Zafarullah. Administrator, judge, and diplomatist by turns, there is no abler Minister in either country. This bearded pillar of Moslem heterodoxy is often supposed to be a champion of orthodox Islam. Actually, he is a convinced member of a heretical sect, and his admission to high office is a striking example of Pakistani tolerance. The third member of the governing trio is the Finance Minister, Ghulam Mohammed, whose ability has done much to promote Pakistan's prosperity. There is no organized Opposition, but there are knots of displaced politicians and groups of Moslem traditionalists awaiting their chance; they are less organized than their Indian counterparts, but they have a larger volume of latent fanaticism upon which to draw.

Pakistan is still beset by dangers within and without. But considering the perils which attended its birth and the disjointed nature of its body, it is remarkable that it has survived at all. And Pakistan has done more than survive; it has grown and prospered. If so much could be achieved in less than three years under such conditions, it is reasonable to hope that Pakistan will surmount its present difficulties to become a bridge, first between the Indian and Islamic worlds, and then between the Islamic and western worlds.

—Percival Spear

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The Crowd and the Heart

Notes on Indian suffering, compassion, and indifference

One day a couple of years ago I was sitting on the veranda of a hotel at a hill station in India with two friends, one an American woman lately arrived in the country, the other a venerable Sikh who bore a strong resemblance to the late George Arliss in "The Green Goddess." The season was early summer; the garden of the hotel smelled of wisteria, and before us the Himalayan range rolled in green tiers to the snows of Tibet. The view was incomparably majestic and serene; the conversation was friendly, and it turned presently to a discussion of the differences, social and psychological, which distinguish our separate races. The Sikh, who had visited the United States, was enthusiastic about America and Americans. As a people, he said, he found us more exciting than the British, more straightforward than the French, and in every way more likable than either. He added, laughing, that one thing which had greatly impressed him in America was the fact that when he paid for a purchase he invariably received the correct change!

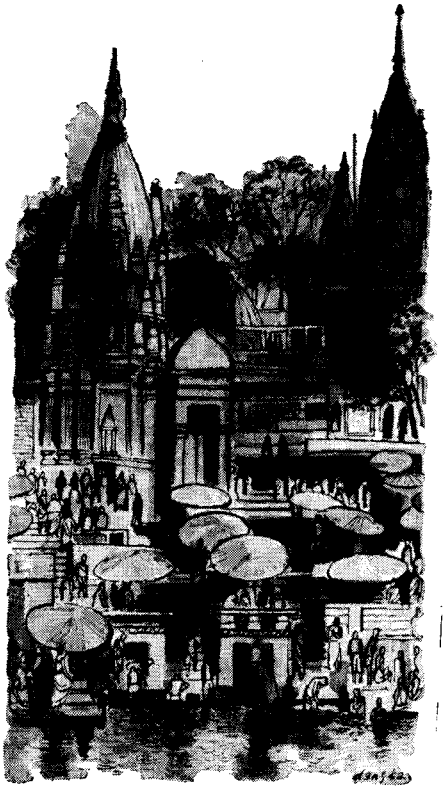
"And now," he said, turning smilingly to us, "now tell me what you think of us Indians."

It was a question which seemed to invite the usual polite generalities, but our American friend, who was temperamentally incapable of dissimulation, replied—after only the briefest hesitation—"Well, if you really want to know, I like you. In many ways I admire you. But . . ." And with a sudden burst of feeling she launched on a subject which had evidently been exercising her mind for some time.

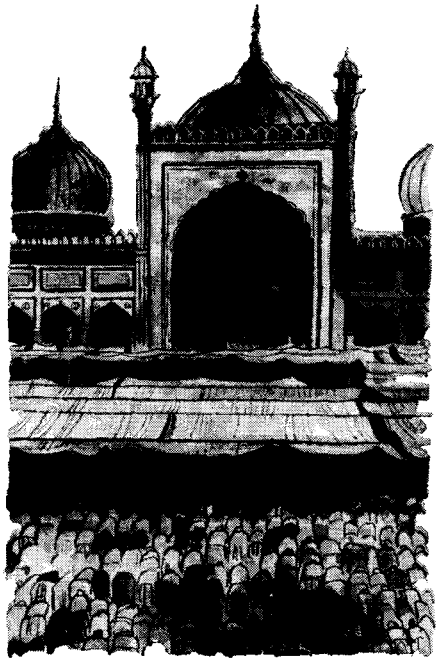
She had, she told us, been walking down one of the great thoroughfares of New Delhi, and had seen a native lying on the sidewalk, dead or about to die. The passing throng of pedestrians, all compatriots, had paused a moment to glance at him, then continued their way, uncaring. No one paid any heed to my friend's plea that someone go in search of a doctor or a policeman, or that something be done to aid the unconscious stranger. The crowd, she said, seemed far more interested in her reactions than in the dying man. Finally, a policeman sauntered up and casually took charge of the situation, and our friend proceeded homeward in a state of bewilderment and disgust. None of her Indian friends had seemed willing or able to give her an explanation of that exhibition of callous irresponsibility. The memory had been preying on her mind, for she found it impossible to reconcile with the much-vaunted Indian—and especially the Hindu—view of life, with its emphasis on compassion and spirituality.

"Can *you* explain it, Sardar Sahib?" I asked the Sikh, to which he replied, quite simply, "No."

My own feeling is that the old gentleman could have explained it if he had wanted to take the trouble, but that the explanation could not have served as an excuse. He could, for instance, have pointed out that caste Hindus will not usually touch a dead or dying body; that is a function reserved to *chamars* or so-called untouchables, a class now officially defunct but actually still very much alive. We would have argued that there must have been some *chamars* in the crowd that day, as there must also have been Moslems and



Hindu temple



Moslem temple

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Sikhs, neither of whom recognize the principle of caste.

It is at this point that the Sikh's explanation must have broken down, as he probably guessed that it would, for this is the point where the Indian character, and possibly the Asian character itself, diverges sharply from the Occidental. It turns on the problem of individual responsibility regardless of creed, family, or group; and if this kind of Christian responsibility was scarcely given a chance to develop under a *Christian* colonial domination, neither, until very recently, has it received much encouragement from Hindu and Moslem concentration on the prior claims of a man's own family, his caste, and his creed. This lack of social conscience and social responsibility, the absence—in Christian as well as in Hindu and Moslem—of a humanitarian altruism, was the burden of much of Gandhi's teaching, as it was to become the nightmare of his final hours, and as it appears, from certain reports, to be the growing nightmare of his successors. For Gandhi, faith and compassion were indivisible, whereas for too many Indians compassion is more a literary and speculative exercise than it is a motivating force.

"My religion," a charming and high-caste Hindu girl once told me, "has a prayer for each and every occasion of my life."

"Has it also a solution for every problem?" I asked her, to which she replied, with grave sincerity, that prayer was itself a solution.

Indian life is permeated by religion—by religious fervor and taboos—to a depth and degree incomprehensible even to pious Christians. There is scarcely a function in day-to-day living, from the preparation of a meal to preparation for a journey, which is not attended by some form of religious ceremony, such as the uttering of devotional formulas or the consulting of stars. The great religious holidays, Hindu, Sikh, and Moslem, are almost carnival in nature, even though the Moslem ones often celebrate martyrdom and resurrection, as during the great festivals of Moherrum and Bakr'Id. The Hindu celebrations are almost always carefree and gay; processions, music, the exchange of gifts, the garlanding of friends, feasting, and purification are generally characteristic of all castes and sects in the country, for if one's faith offers solace on every occasion, and a solution to every problem, it is likewise a legitimate excuse for whoop-de-do on a grand scale.

This is the lighter, the happier side of Indian religious life, animated by much the same spirit which inspires us at Christmas or Easter. There, however, the similarity ends, for beneath the gaiety, the humility, and the beauty of Indian worship and ceremonial lurks a spirit of fanaticism which can, and often does, distort every latent energy and all the genius of expression into the service of an insensate violence. Such violence reached its peak in the communal riots of 1946 and 1947, when Hindus exchanged all that is blessed in their pantheon for the frightful propitiation of Kali, goddess of destruction, and when Moslems, forswearing the universality and the democratic philosophy of Mohammed, turned to an orgy of brutality and bloodshed under his banner.

For the mass of India's ignorant, illiterate, half-starved people, religious fanaticism, like religious solace, offers a psychological release from unbearable tensions, a fact well understood by political rabble-rousers and by the "enlightened" cynics who know how to exploit this spirit. The essentially political and reactionary nature of such organizations as the Hindu Mahasabha and the Rashtrya Swayamsevak Sangh (R.S.S.) gives ample proof of the value which this latent fanaticism has for the unscrupulous. It would be a mistake to regard such organizations as cliques motivated by a crudely materialistic self-interest. The truth is they are composed of men who are themselves fanatics of a peculiarly deadly brand, the religio-political intellectuals perfectly represented in the figure of Gandhi's assassin, Nathu Ram Godse, the young newspaper editor from Bombay.

However, if fanaticism is among the least attractive attributes of the Indian temperament, a warm emotionalism is certainly among its most appealing. Indians will always have difficulty in understanding us, and we in understanding them, unless and until something of an emotional rapport has been established. I'd like to give a very slight example of what I mean by this. Finding myself in conversation with a Moslem to whom I'd been introduced half an hour before, I felt the atmosphere to be somewhat constrained. Then I happened to mention that I'd been born in India. At once his manner changed; he turned to me with a warm smile and exclaimed: "Ah! Then you are my sister!"

Rapport is not, of course, something that is dependent on the place of one's birth. What is necessary is that one understand the other's special need for expression; in India, as perhaps nowhere else, it is the personal touch, the intuitive approach, that counts. In the Indian, spontaneity and decorum are curiously mingled. Thus, public display of feeling between the sexes is frowned on; yet one sees, everywhere, demon-

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strations of affection between friends—boys walking and even bicycling side by side with hands linked; girls strolling with arms round each other's waists, old people embracing with tears of joy or sadness when they meet or part. Indians do not mistrust their emotions as we tend to do; they are generally as unaffected in their response to the emotional approach as we are awkward or cold.

During the war thousands of Americans poured into India, and, for the first time, came in intimate contact with thousands of Indians, great numbers of whom had never seen an American or heard of the United States, as, no doubt, many of the Americans had never before set eyes on an Indian or taken the slightest interest in the country. The shock of this encounter was mutual, its effects totally different. So far as Indians were concerned, they were, on the whole, charmed by the Americans. Never had they encountered such a free, frank, and democratic spirit, and never had there been such largesse. They were impressed by our initiative, our energy, our health, our thoroughness—and above everything, by our lavishness. In a country like India, where nothing goes to waste, where every bit of string, every scrap of paper, every discarded bottle and empty can is retrieved from the trash heap to find immediate use in the family economy, this extravagance struck the frugal Indian mind as being nothing short of fabulous. In Indian eyes every American became a maharajah, and the United States the most formidable country in the world.

Indians felt then, as many of them feel today, that the fate of the world is in American hands. For the Indian mind is an odd mixture of worldliness and simplicity: Wealth, to it, is power—power against famine, against disease, against want and deprivation, against revolution and chaos. It would be a disillusionment, a catastrophic one in fact, if this trust in American strength and in the American democratic spirit should turn out to have been all one big mistake.

So much, then, for the Indian reaction to Americans. What about the American reaction to Indians? For those Americans who had expected the exotic glamour of the East, a storybook setting for their preconceived ideas, the realities must have proved disappointing. One American remarked to me that he couldn't at first see India for the Indians. "There were so many of them. All the time I was there I suffered from claustrophobia."

It must be said that there is something very special about an Indian crowd. Quite aside from the din and medley of unknown tongues, the unfamiliar smells, most of them bad; the strangeness of dress and the pressure of an alien tempo, one suffers from a feeling of sheer overpowering numbers, a sense of the superfluity of life. Here the individual not only does not seem to matter—he seems scarcely to exist.

There is also something even more profound and more disturbing than any of these things: It is a condition, omnipresent and unforgettable, of the contrast between the American standard of living and that of the Indian people. The moment an American sets foot on Indian soil, that contrast strikes him like a blow. Squalor and poverty are not unknown in our own country, but here at least they are deplored, and we are ashamed of them; they are not taken for granted as the squalor and misery of the Indian masses are taken for granted by Indians themselves. After his first effort to understand this state of affairs the American loses heart; and as if poverty and distress on a scale never before suspected by him were not bad enough, he sees, on every side, a selfish irresponsibility which seems to reach in a direct line from the highest to the lowest.

If, as I suggested earlier, compassion is a duty for certain Indians who choose to give it lip service, for the majority of them it is a meaningless gesture, a drain on nerves and vitality, a waste of time. Beggars, lepers, cripples; the face of famine and the haunted gaze of starvation; destitution and disease, every kind of crime—Indian eyes open on these things at birth and close on them at death. The problem is greater than the individual; to survive he must shrug it off or learn to ignore it. Call this attitude callousness, call it lack of imagination; the fact remains that indifference acts as a sort of shield. I know from my own experience in India how insidious this process can be. One simply cannot endure the spectacle indefinitely and remain altogether sane. So I began to understand better the Indian's attitude toward his condition and toward that of his neighbor.

The Indians in New Delhi who passed by indifferent to the fate of the dying man at their feet had seen death

Caste: Untouchables and Brahmins

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as we never see it except in the drama and distortion of war. They see it every day, in one form or another, and they have become accustomed to it. If they seem indifferent to the fate of beggars, lepers, starving children, crippled old people, and maimed and neglected animals, it is because they have adjusted themselves to a condition for which they are hardly more responsible than they would be for an earthquake or a flood. The truth is that India's economic plight is catastrophic; it is at the root of the people's misery and forms the basis for those peculiarities of behavior which we find so difficult to understand. It is primarily the cause of the dishonesty, the self-seeking, the irresponsibility, of which Americans and Europeans complain.

To understand India and the Indians, to learn to like them and to get on with them—and it is manifestly important that we do learn—we must suspend judgment on matters over which they and we have so little control at present. Criticism, advice, help—these, at least, are in our power to give them in their efforts to build a better life.

It is only when one has lived in the country for some time, when one's eye, ear, and pulse have adjusted themselves to all the contrasts and contradictions, that one begins to see, to hear, and to feel India; when color which has seemed nonexistent in the prevailing drabness, fragrance which has been drowned in smells, music which has been sunken in uproar, subtly touch one's senses to awareness and delight. It is then that detail is seen suddenly to dominate the whole, and incident to triumph over generality. It is then that kindliness, humor, courtesy, and love shine out here and there like the gold and cerulean in the carving of an ancient Pietà.

I remember one evening on the seashore at Orissa, when returning from a walk as the sun sank behind me, I saw approaching the figure of a man whose brownness matched the sand, and whose shirt and loincloth—the purple of grapes—seemed to blend with the fading color of the sky and its reflection in the sea beyond. He was carrying, on his shoulder, a tiny naked baby, and as we passed each other without speaking we exchanged a smile that was not, somehow, the smile of strangers. —CHRISTINE WESTON

At Home & Abroad

Marshall: Public Servant

On November 26, 1945, President Truman awarded General George C. Marshall, who had just retired as Army Chief of Staff at his own request, an oak-leaf cluster to his Distinguished Service Medal. Afterward, the general and Katherine Tupper Marshall vacated Quarters No. 1 at Fort Myer, Virginia, and drove to their home in Leesburg. Not long after Marshall had removed the luggage from their Plymouth, the telephone rang. Mrs. Marshall was on her way upstairs for a rest as she heard the general pick up the receiver. An hour or two later, she found him lying on a sofa listening to the radio. There was a station break, followed by a news broadcast. The news hit Mrs. Marshall like a poleax: Patrick Hurley had just resigned as Ambassador to China with a series of political war whoops. The President had appointed Marshall as a special envoy to replace him. Marshall was starting for China immediately in an effort to end the civil war.

That phone call had been from the White House. It ended the Marshalls' hope of the honeymoon they never had time to take after their marriage in 1930. It also marked the beginning of a second career for George Catlett Marshall. Together with James F. Byrnes's bad cardiogram a year later, it led directly to his appointment as Secretary of State.

There are a number of common misconceptions about General Marshall. One is that he is a modest and patient man. He is neither. What appears to be patience is the control that Marshall has been able to exert over his feelings ninety-nine per cent of the time. The other one per cent—his fury—is something terrible to see. Another misconception is that Marshall is a "simple soldier." Nothing could be more absurd. His mind may not be the keenest in the world, but, like the prow of the *Queen Mary*, it carries massive tonnage behind it. His reluctance to serve as a diplomat at the end of his military career did not stem from false modesty. Those who know him best will tell you that he accepted the heavy postwar tasks given him only out of a strong sense of duty. In Washington, where selfishness comes as naturally as breathing, Marshall's selflessness made him legendary. Like Lawrence of Arabia, Marshall got publicity because he genuinely sought to avoid it.

Born in Uniontown, Pennsylvania, on December 31, 1880, Marshall graduated fifteenth in the class of 1901 at the Virginia Military Institute and was commissioned a second lieutenant in the United States Army in 1902. He left almost immediately for service in the Philippines, where one of his first assignments was to supervise the unloading of coal barges. He learned that if unloading coal was your job in the Army, you should shovel coal and keep your mouth shut. Marshall's

General George C. Marshall

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General Douglas MacArthur

General Dwight D. Eisenhower

superiors kept handing him one sort of coal shovel or another until 1936.

He did have one opportunity to distinguish himself in the Philippine maneuvers of 1914. Here he pinch-hit for the Chief of Staff of one of the "armies," who had suddenly become ill. In the midst of the brass and the umpires, Lieutenant Marshall propped up a map and began to dictate a field order for the entire maneuver. He continued without pause and without looking at a note. Not a single correction or addition had to be made.

Marshall paid a high price for his competence as a staff officer; he got only limited opportunities to command troops. As the United States moved toward war in 1916, Johnson Hagood, one of Marshall's superiors, wrote on his efficiency report: "This officer is well qualified to command a division with the rank of major general in time of war, and I would like very much to serve under his command." Such miracles did not happen in the old Army. Marshall was a captain when he sailed for France with the 1st Division staff in 1917.

Though this division was to be the spearhead of the A.E.F., when it arrived in France its tables of equipment were not complete. Many items of equipment and armament were lacking or completely unknown. No one knew where the division would train, where its supply bases and lines of communication would be, or where it would fight. Marshall made up his mind that if he could prevent it no American force would leave our shores in the future under conditions of similar unreadiness.

Marshall got his second great lesson from the First World War in the autumn of 1917. Entering the lines of the 1st Division near Toul as a temporary major, he found the men digging a defensive position according to the latest French doctrine. They made great progress. Then a change of doctrine came down from French headquarters which made it necessary to abandon all the work done. A new start was barely made when a second directive came changing everything. A third start, and a third directive, followed. The division quit digging. Marshall observed that the final French doctrine brought them right back to the American *Field Service Regulations 1914*. Speaking of this experience many years later, Marshall said: "Since then, whenever changes are proposed, modern theories advanced, or surprising developments are brought to my attention, I automatically search for the fundamental principle involved in the particular matter at hand."

To Marshall's immense disappointment, he did not secure a troop command in the First World War. One staff achievement, however, brought him the Distinguished Service Medal and the staunch admiration of General Pershing. Marshall supervised the transfer of some five hundred thousand American troops, 2,700 guns, and an immense tonnage of supplies from the St.-Mihiel front to the Argonne—at the same time co-ordinating the withdrawal of two hundred thousand French and other Allied troops. This had to be done in thirteen nights over three main roads.

After the war Marshall served as aide to General Pershing for a time, and in 1924 was sent to Tientsin, China, as second-in-command of the 15th Infantry Regiment. In this three-year tour of duty he picked up enough Chinese to enable him to get along without an interpreter.

He had scarcely returned to Washington in 1927 when his wife, Elizabeth Coles Marshall, died suddenly of heart disease. This was a terrific blow to Marshall, who eagerly accepted an appointment as assistant commandant of the Infantry School at Fort Benning in order to get away from the city in which she died. He threw himself into a revision of the Benning course with the energy of despair.

During the Benning period Marshall met a gracious widow named Katherine Tupper Brown, whom he married in 1930. There followed commands of troops in Georgia and South Carolina, and then a blow. Orders came transferring Marshall to the Illinois National Guard. For a colonel of his age, detached service with the Guard seemed to end any hope Marshall might have for an important future command. For the second and last time in his career, Marshall requested a new assignment unsuccessfully. What pained him most about the incident was the fact that the Chief of Staff (General MacArthur) accompanied Marshall's transfer with an assurance to Illinois National Guard officials that Marshall was his best colonel.

Marshall plunged into Guard affairs as if he were commanding the Army's top regular division. He had always had an interest in the National Guard, for he believed that in great emergencies the United States must always rely on a citizen army, not a professional one. He stood by the National Guard in the Second World War when General Lesley J. McNair seemed determined to shelve it.

When Malin Craig became Chief of Staff in 1935, the log jam which had

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so long held Marshall in check broke. In rapid succession he was made a brigadier general and given one of the most coveted troop commands in the United States, the 5th Infantry Brigade at Vancouver Barracks. Back in Washington, a small group of friends, including General Pershing, patiently prepared the way for Marshall's eventual appointment as Chief of Staff.

Meanwhile the office of the Chief of Staff had been turned into a torture chamber. Harassed by feuds in the War Department, General Craig began to long for the calm atmosphere of St. Joseph, Missouri. Marshall was brought back to Washington as head of the War Plans Division of the General Staff. In September, 1938, he was made Deputy Chief of Staff, and one year later he took over from Craig. On the day he was sworn in, Hitler's Wehrmacht entered Poland.

Like Churchill's, Marshall's life up to the time had been a preparation for the demands of the hour. He was now a self-assured, balanced expert with a massive calmness and the ability to rip the heart out of a document in a glance and to make his meaning pikestaff-plain in a few words. He was an actor of consummate skill, though few people ever knew when he was acting. He had cultivated the habit of saying nothing until he was absolutely sure of his position, and he had built up a legend of infallibility that made itself felt in political as well as military circles.

Marshall's greatest prewar achievement was convincing Congress that the nation must be prepared for war. First he studied the hearings of Congressional Committees on Military Affairs for the preceding five years. Then he waged a deliberate campaign to win the confidence of Congress. He never withheld any information, never deceived, and never flaunted his intellectual and moral ascendancy over even the most diminutive politicians. In the end he came to be trusted on Capitol Hill as no other military leader in our history had been. Repeating himself endlessly and controlling his impatience, Marshall went over the military aspects of the world situation. When certain Congressmen criticized minor defects in the military program, he used to say: "Direct your criticism at me personally, but leave the Army alone." He convinced Congress during the crucial summer of 1941 that the term of service of the 1940 inductees should be extended beyond one year. After dealing with certain isolationist politicians day after day, Marshall used to leave the Capitol Building trembling with rage, but he pushed the measure through, by a single vote, a few months before Pearl Harbor.

Marshall did not win his race against time. The United States was not fully prepared to meet the kind of war the Axis launched against it in 1941. He had made great strides toward developing a highly mobile army with great firepower. He gave the air arm the first real backing it ever got from a Chief of Staff. But on the debit side it must be pointed out that Marshall failed to shake up the notoriously weak intelligence section of his staff. Nor did he settle the command relationships which were certain to plague him in a multitheater war.

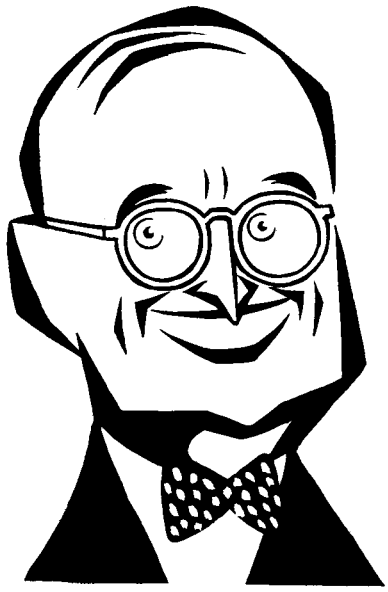
It took the shock of Pearl Harbor and the Allied defeats in the Southwest Pacific to bring about Marshall's long-advocated proposals for a unified command among the American services and between ourselves and the British. He made the basically weak organization of the Joint Chiefs of Staff function by advocating the appointment of Admiral William D. Leahy as Presidential Chief of Staff.

An Executive Order issued by the President in 1942 made Marshall directly responsible to the Commander in Chief on matters of strategy, tactics, and operations. Along with other members of the War Department General Staff, Marshall believed it was more important to save Europe from Axis domination than to save Asia from Japanese control. We did not have the resources in 1942 to do both.

Marshall's main strategic program was the cross-Channel invasion of western Europe, aimed at encircling the Ruhr, to be undertaken in 1943. He fought to the limit of his influence against all diversions from this strategy. He made two trips to Britain in order to get firm commitments to the program. The major diversion from it, the North African venture with its inevitable Italian complications, was launched, with Winston Churchill's help, at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington, and not in the Public Health Building where the Combined Chiefs of Staff met.

As Stimson and Hull have indicated in their memoirs, Roosevelt was a magnificent war leader but, at times, a poor administrator. It probably never occurred to Roosevelt that he should have provided his top naval and military leaders with copies of his correspondence with Churchill. Because he did not, it was necessary for Marshall and Admiral Ernest J. King to get their information about British-American policy matters at certain stages of the war from Field Marshal Sir John Dill.

Henry L. Stimson



President Harry S. Truman

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Nonetheless Marshall came to exert more influence on F.D.R. than any other military leader in Washington. This influence was based on the accuracy of Marshall's information, and on the unshakable character of his position once he committed himself. He never got on first or nickname terms with Roosevelt—or with any other important person, for that matter. When Harry Hopkins suggested that the President would welcome a more informal, or "Betty" Stark, approach, Marshall said it would be completely out of character for him.

Marshall's most pressing tasks after Pearl Harbor were the reorganization of the War Department, which he pushed through in March, 1942, and the setting up of an efficient command post. By transforming the War Plans Division into the Operations Division of the War Department General Staff and by terminating the functions of the old G.H.Q., Marshall finally got the organization he needed.

Marshall's mild eccentricities often gave his staff moments of quiet amusement. He simply could not remember certain names—though his memory in other matters was unique. He never did get the name of his personal stenographer straight. Sometimes he would push the buzzer and say: "Get me that fellow with the red eyes—you know who I mean."

Several of Marshall's more spectacularly correct decisions will probably go into history books. After Dunkirk he had to certify that our reserve stock of First World War weapons, desperately needed in Britain, was "surplus." He had to do this at a time when he was asking Congress to appropriate vast sums for weapons. Brushing aside the vigorous protests of American officers, Marshall took away the whole equipment of one of our most advanced armored divisions and sent it to the British in Egypt. It was Marshall who decided how many U.S. divisions would be needed to defeat the Axis. Against the advice of all his associates, including the Secretary of War, Marshall set the figure at eighty-nine divisions. When Japan surrendered, all but two of these divisions had seen combat, though some were in action for a very short time (one unit for one day only).

In the summer of 1943 it seemed certain that Marshall would have command of Operation OVERLORD, the invasion of France. Despite the protests of "Hap" Arnold and King, who did not want to break up a winning combination in the Joint Chiefs of Staff, Roosevelt, Churchill, and Stimson agreed that he was the natural choice. Even Stalin favored his selection. But as the time of decision came near, Roosevelt wavered. At a private lunch with Marshall in Cairo in 1943, Roosevelt said that he wanted him to command OVERLORD but that he also needed him badly in Washington. He then asked Marshall what he wanted. At this moment Marshall could have had the command of OVERLORD by saying one word, but he simply said that he would serve wherever the President placed him. When Roosevelt said that he would not be able to sleep if Marshall was not in Washington, Marshall took a piece of paper and wrote out a draft telegram to Stalin informing him of the appointment of Eisenhower.

Marshall's way of working with his theater commanders was to give them a clear general directive and then not bother them with a steady stream of suggestions and letters. Where necessary he supported them to the point of threatened resignation. He could not save General Joseph W. Stilwell from the Chinese torture which his command inflicted on him. He took pride in Eisenhower's successes. With MacArthur his relations were formal.

No Chief of Staff in our history ever got more continuous support from a Secretary of War than Marshall got from Henry L. Stimson. Their harmonious relationship was anchored in strong mutual respect. Marshall never encroached on any of the Secretary's prerogatives and Stimson was equally careful not to intrude on Marshall's.

The transition from an outstandingly successful military career to the less rewarding field of postwar diplomacy was abrupt and painful for Marshall. The cohesive force of danger which held the United Nations together in war was already dissolving. The sudden collapse of Russia's two main landpower enemies, Germany and Japan, together with the complete absence of any semblance of military power in western Europe, offered the Soviet Union a rare opportunity for expansion and aggression. This, however, was not completely apparent when Mr. Truman handed General Marshall the Chinese puzzle in December, 1945.

General Marshall wasted a year of his life in China in 1946-1947 trying to accomplish a mission that had no prospect of success. It was somewhat illogical of General Marshall to think that if the extreme elements in the contending parties could not reach an agreement, the liberal elements might. The liberal elements in both parties were pretty anemic in 1946. They died during the next three years.

Secretary of State Byrnes's resigna-

James F. Byrnes

General Walter B. Smith

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tion opened the way for Marshall's appointment in January, 1947. President Truman had a profound respect for Marshall that dated back to the days of the Truman committee in the Senate. Marshall had no first-hand knowledge of the State Department, but he had attended all the important interallied conferences of the war period. Conditions in the world represented more of a continuation of the war crisis than a condition of peace. Marshall had a solid backlog of Congressional good will.

It took Marshall a whole year to learn the State Department's ways of doing things. That was one of the penalties he paid for taking the Secretaryship after forty years of military service. The transition was made somewhat easier for Marshall because he had Colonel Frank McCarthy and General John Hilldring working with him. Walter B. Smith in Moscow, Lucius Clay in Berlin, and MacArthur in Japan were old War Department hands. He showed political acumen by following Byrnes's practice of using Vandenberg and Dulles as co-workers at the Moscow and London meetings of the Council of Foreign Ministers.

Unlike Byrnes, who arrived at policy decisions after consulting the various experts of the State Department individually, Marshall used the conference method. He got all the experts together in a room and let them argue out the problem. When they were finished, he made the decision in their presence. This was a direct application of his staff methods in the Army. It had the virtue of letting the State Department officials know not only what Marshall's decision was, but also *how* he arrived at it.

The deterioration of the democratic position in widespread areas made many calls upon the resources of the United States. The champions of each of these areas naturally regarded their own as of transcendent importance. When his theater commanders had acted that way during the war, Marshall had called it "local-itis." Drawing upon the lesson he had learned at Toul with the 1st Division in 1917, Marshall sought out the "fundamental principle" involved and worked out policy on that basis.

That policy coincided with the major strategic decisions made by the Combined Chiefs of Staff in the Second World War. It advocated that if acceptable peace treaties could not be worked out for Germany and Austria, and if a division of Europe became inevitable, then a major effort would be made to save western Europe from Communism. In 1947 as in 1942, the United States did not have sufficient resources to save Europe and Asia.

Before that policy was adopted, Marshall made two determined efforts to achieve an understanding with Russia over the German and Austrian peace treaties. If the countless hours of haggling he endured at the Moscow and London meetings of the Council of Foreign Ministers did not bring success, they at least clarified the issues which divided the East and the West. When Molotov poured out a torrent of abuse against the western powers and the United States at these meetings, Marshall refused to reply in kind.

Field Marshal Sir John Dill

Once, when his anger could not be restrained, he brusquely interrupted Molotov, saying: "It is obvious that Mr. Molotov's remarks were not designed for serious discussion. . . ." Because Vishinsky had the mental flexibility to be expected of a converted Menshevik, Marshall got along somewhat better with him. Though often misjudged on that point, Marshall has a sense of humor and a keen appreciation of the absurd. Impressed with the tragic consequences which stemmed from the Soviet antics at these meetings, Marshall saw through their essential absurdity. He had one moment of quiet fun with Molotov at the Moscow meeting of the Foreign Ministers. In the midst of other indictments leveled at the United States, Molotov accused us of denying the Soviets access to captured German patents. Marshall was ready for that one. With an impish look, he produced and read aloud a letter from a Soviet representative in Washington thanking the United States government for its generosity in making German patents available to Russia. He grinned while Molotov hastily changed the subject.

At his Harvard speech on June 5, 1947, Marshall set forth the essential features of the European Recovery Program, the outlines of which had already been drawn by Dean Acheson. In the following months he stumped the country and won over Congress to a step-by-step participation in this program. If Marshall's transfer of our First World War "surplus" weapons to Britain in 1940 was his first great "act of faith," then the European Recovery Program was the second. It gave direction and a constructive character to American foreign policy which for a time at least seemed to be without direction and purely negative in purpose. From the European Recovery Program there grew the Union of Western Europe and the North Atlantic Defense Pact.

The reverse side of the coin was the steady deterioration of what remained of the democratic position in Asia. At the time General Marshall resigned in January, 1949, the Communist domination of China seemed inevitable.

Ill-health dogged General Marshall through the year 1948. At the conclusion of the Paris meeting of the United Nations Assembly, he entered Walter Reed General Hospital for a major operation. After his convalescence Marshall assumed General Pershing's old post as head of the American Battle Monuments Commission. Later he became head of the American Red Cross.

It is too early to assess the work General Marshall did as Secretary of State. His over-all record of public service, however, will remain what Mr. Stimson said it was in 1945: "a gauge for the conduct of other public servants." —H. A. DeWeerd

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Washington

Young Man in the Capital

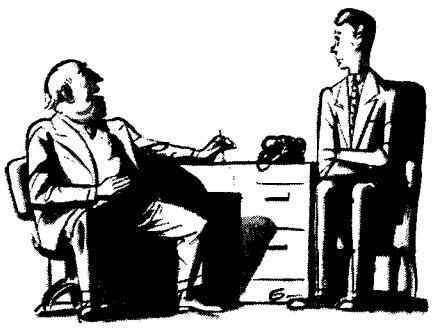
The very young man in Washington is apt to think pretty highly of himself. If he is single, he probably shares one of the numerous bachelor houses in Georgetown or its environs, enjoying rare comfort on a small salary. Socially, his presence is vied for in a city greatly overpopulated with women. Finally, no matter how low he stands in the bureaucracy, he feels a personal attachment to the policy decisions being made on high levels. The very young man will admit, if pressed, that he contributed to the brain work behind Point Four, the Brannan Plan, or the dollar-gap proposals. He looks at the outstanding young bureaucrats—thirty-five-year-old Marx Leva, Special Assistant to the Secretary of Defense; Carlisle Humelsine, Deputy Assistant Secretary for Administration of the State Department, also thirty-five; Harlan Cleveland, Deputy to the Assistant Administrator for Program of the Economic Co-operation Administration, who is thirty-two—and thinks, "There, in a few years, with luck, go I."

With age, the young man's horizons begin to close in. He marries and moves to the less aristocratic neighborhood of Arlington or Bethesda. With a family he finds that his government salary does not provide for much entertainment. He begins to recognize more clearly that there is room for only a precious few at the top (*American Men in Government*, a biographical dictionary, last year listed only 1,570 "key officials," out of a bureaucracy totaling two million). He may despair, and leave the government for more lucrative fields. Or he may become reconciled to his job, still deriving a certain satisfaction from his participation in the biggest undertaking in the western world.

American Men in Government points out that the average age of key government officials in 1949 was fifty-two years; only ten per cent of them were under forty and none under thirty-one. Perhaps this was what General George C. Marshall had in mind at the publication ceremonies for *The Papers of Thomas Jefferson* a few weeks ago, when he observed that Jefferson was thirty-three at the time he drafted the Declaration of Independence. General Marshall believes that perhaps the educational system nowadays holds men in school too long.

A young man in Washington gave me a different explanation. "Did Jefferson and the rest turn the job over to younger men as they grew older?" he asked. "You can bet your life they didn't. They hung onto their jobs, and young men grew old waiting to take over. It's the same way today. But, even so, wherever you find new branches of the government working on dynamic new ideas, there you'll find plenty of young men doing important jobs."

His observations are borne out by a survey of the bureaucracy. In ECA, some branches of the State Department, the Bureau of the Budget, and the Department of Defense, the most



important jobs are held by young men. In the Departments of Commerce, Interior, and Agriculture, however, the young man is more of a rarity.

Frequently, the young man in the new agency or branch of government is called upon to play a role far greater than his title and salary indicate. As assistant to the deputy administrator or secretary to the policy committee, he is thought of as "the dustpan to the policy boys," charged with sweeping up the bits of policy that fall from his superiors, making sure that directives are carried out. But in a period when the top administrators must spend inordinate amounts of time and energy defending their budgets, clearing up disloyalty charges, and appeasing Congress generally, the younger man often gains responsibility by default.

One such young man, on his return from Paris, where he had helped set up the ECA offices, told me: "There were days when I had to decide whether or not we should construct fifty miles of road in some remote part of Greece. Gosh, how was I to know? I've come to the conclusion that unless we learn more about how to fix the responsibility for decisions in the proper places, neither the Marshall Plan nor anything else will amount to much."

The young man in Washington has become a technician—a specialist in the functioning of overgrown bureaucracy. Even so, the enormousness of the problems with which he has to grapple, and the unpredictability of the factors involved, give him a sense of futility. One young man I know in the National Security Resources Board has the job of making "feasibility tests." The Munitions Board sets up a hypothetical set of requirements based on hypothetical conditions existing in the outbreak of a hypothetical war. The young man's job is to calculate the potential ability of industry to meet these requirements. It is a job which cannot be reduced to absolute precision in a nation which has never been able to take a completely accurate census. The young man confessed that the intangibles troubled him quite a bit at first. "Then," he said, "I looked around and saw that nobody knew any more about

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it than I did. After that I got to enjoy the work." Every young bureaucrat has to make this mental adjustment somewhere along the line.

The nation's quick transition to a state of diplomatic war has not caused the young man any noticeable difficulty. Perhaps this was because he came out of the Second World War with no hopes that it was "a war to end wars." With a minimum of psychological adjustment, he has moved into the new job in a government committed to total diplomacy and planning for a possible Third World War.

In one agency—Central Intelligence —there has been noticeable discontent. There many young men believe that their talents have been smothered. A person who has reason to know remarked recently, "Some of the most promising young men in Washington have been buried in the filing cabinets of CIA."

But the young man dislikes CIA for other reasons, too. Once the initial glamour of his job has worn off, the work seems routine, boring, and uncreative. Many of the elaborate provisions for secrecy are confining and ridiculous. One young man, for instance, was given a pseudonym. Although he was of Pennsylvania Dutch stock, his *nom de guerre* was Italian. He described his embarrassment when, on his way to church one Sunday with a young lady who knew him by his real name, a fellow worker walked up and called him by his CIA tag. "That sort of stuff is all right for the movies," he said, "but it doesn't work in a small town like Washington."

In recent years more and more young men have been bringing an air of vitality to the musty corridors of Congress. I was at a party one night when a man of twenty-five who works for a well-known Senator was called to the telephone. For thirty minutes I heard him describe various delicate political situations and what he was doing about them. He gave the exact wordings of announcements he planned to make to the papers. Mightily impressed, I asked to whom he had been talking. "Oh," he said lightly, "that was the Senator."

The Congressional action in 1946 which provided each Senator with a $10,600-a-year administrative assistant has been largely responsible for bringing capable young men to Capitol Hill.

Since he is one of a select few, the young man on the Hill tends to look with a certain superiority at the teeming young bureaucrats in downtown Washington. He is receiving superb training for future service, either in the bureaucracy or in Congress. The latter alternative is usually more appealing to him, and he assiduously cultivates political contacts made through his Congressman's office. This year, for example, Senator Bridges's former administrative assistant, J. Wesley Powell, is running against Senator Tobey in New Hampshire.

The young man in Washington has certain deep-rooted gripes. While reconciled to the struggle he is helping to wage against Communism, he is not reconciled to the war being waged against him by the anarchists of the Right, and toward Senator McCarthy he may feel a personal hatred. He rages at the attempts of certain members of Congress to get at him through the budget. "What other big company," a young man asked me, "would attempt to run its business while periodically holding up salaries, indiscriminately reducing its staff, and constantly leveling outlandish charges at its employees?" The House of Representatives' latest attempt to cut the size of

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the bureaucracy by reducing the number of replacements treats him, he feels, as a cog in an impersonal machine, forever destined to fulfill one function, and then to expire noiselessly.

He has no heroes. For Dean Acheson and Paul Hoffman he has respect and intense admiration, but not enthusiasm. President Truman he looks at simply as a politician from whom almost anything can be expected. There is no focal point of leadership for him comparable to that provided by Roosevelt in the 1930's.

The young man has few illusions, but does not consider himself disillusioned. He is convinced that the essence of the world conflict in which he is involved is moral—that the issue is freedom. He doesn't look for immediate results, as the young men of the New Deal did. But he does believe in the ultimate triumph of reason. Not long ago, four young men from the State Department and ECA formed a small work group to think through what they called "America's failure to offer the world a dynamic new idea." They admit the shortcomings of the work in which they are daily engaged.

Some time before the Communist invasion of South Korea, a Gallup Poll revealed that six out of ten Americans believed war to be inevitable within the next five years. Wondering whether the young men in Washington were quite so pessimistic, I called on two of them in high governmental echelons. Both spoke of a "calculated hope for peace," which we could attain by creating "positions of strength," and "awaiting the inevitable internal friction in the rigid Soviet system."

Not many days later, when South Korea had been attacked, I checked back with the same young men.

"I don't know whether this means war or not," one said, "but the President made the wise choice. Now we've got to show that we mean business in Asia—that we have something better to offer than the Communists. The President has drawn the line in Korea, Formosa, and Indo-China. It's our job to cut out the rotten spots behind that line."

Listening to the assurance with which he proposed this gargantuan undertaking, I could not help feeling that the young man in Washington today is living up to the challenge of the mid-twentieth century.—DOUGLASS CATER

Britain

An Easy Way With Reds

When Arthur Horner, general secretary of the British miners' union, issued a call to his followers to vote for the Labour Party in the recent British elections, everyone had a good hearty laugh. Everyone, that is, except Horner. For the little Welshman, who had spent forty years in the union, was in something of a spot: As leader of its 610,629 members he had to carry out the organization's policy of supporting the Labour Party, but as a lifelong member of the Communist Party his heart was with the Stalinists.

For the period of the election the general secretary became a split personality. As the National Union of Mine Workers' leader, he sounded off for the Labour Party. As a Communist, he made a wide detour of the coal fields, where he would be forced to campaign for the hated Attlee crew, and confined his activity instead to other constituencies where he could talk as an individual Communist.

By American standards, these antics are hard to understand. Horner is an avowed Communist in a union which is overwhelmingly anti-Communist. Yet this anti-Communist membership has elected a man who was three times a Communist candidate for Parliament to the highest post in the union, equal in power to that of the president.

The men of the pits like Arthur Horner personally; they think he is a brilliant negotiator. Since the rank and file in British unions have a far greater control over their leadership than in America, one misstep, one attempt to peddle the Communist line as opposed to the union line, would mean curtains for Horner. He knows it and the men know it.

Communists don't have horns in Britain; they have shackles. The Red bogey cuts little ice. Even the Fuchs case and the articles in Lord Beaverbrook's *Evening Standard* about the fellow-traveling past of War Minister John Strachey have caused only a ripple. The British today are more prone to stringent measures than they were a year ago, but startling "exposés," such as that of Senator McCarthy, would create no sensation in Britain. Nor would membership in a "subversive" or "front" organization cause a worker to lose his job, either in government or industry.

Arthur Horner

There is considerable method to this apparent madness. In Britain most Communists, like Horner, are out in the open, not trying to pose as liberals or progressives. There are no perennial witch hunts by nearsighted men who denounce every liberal as a Communist and thus make this confusion possible. Out in the open, every Communist is an easy target. He is permitted to contribute his share of work, but the spotlight is beamed at him so continuously that he cannot commit either his union or his country to a Communist position.

The very freedom given to party liners cuts the ground from under their argument that "there is no democracy under capitalism." The effect was evident in February. Only one out of every 250 voted for the Stalinist candidates. Where twenty-one Communist stalwarts polled 102,780 votes

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Harry Pollitt

in 1945 and were successful in returning two Members to Parliament, the one hundred candidates who contested this year fizzled out with 91,815 votes and elected no one.

The British are neither soft-headed nor unconcerned about the Communist issue. As one Labour Party statistician put it: "We give the blokes enough rope so that they'll bloody well hang themselves." That's not empty talk. The ease with which Mosley's Fascists were immobilized during the war is attributed to the same policy.

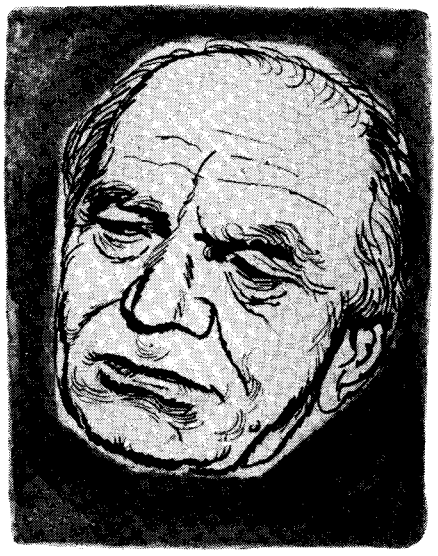
Nor is this policy confined to unions. In government circles, civil-service jobs are divided into two categories: those in which security secrets are involved, and those in which they are not. There is no attempt to exclude Communists from jobs as filing clerks, mailmen, or tens of thousands of other ordinary tasks in administration. "The state," says Prime Minister Attlee, "is not concerned with the political views, as such, of its servants."

Nor are Communists summarily discharged even from secret jobs. To date, except for the spy Dr. Klaus Fuchs, only six persons have been discharged for being Communists. (One fascist also was fired.) By May of this year, only eighty-six loyalty cases had been considered. Five suspected Communists resigned, and thirty-two known ones were transferred to "non-sensitive" jobs. Twenty-two persons were on special leave, awaiting transfer or dismissal; nineteen suspects had been exonerated or reinstated; and one retired on account of ill-health before investigation of his case began.

Private employers are generally expected to be guided by the give-them-enough-rope theory. Last year the John Lewis Partnership, a firm consisting of twenty department stores and twelve thousand employees, was properly and publicly spanked for entertaining notions about having its employees sign non-Communist affidavits. Not a single employer or employers' association came to the defense of their super-patriotic associate. Nor did the Tories in Parliament raise a howl when Minister of Labour George Isaacs told the firm to forget the whole business. Almost four hundred people wrote heated letters to the company, most of them bitterly in opposition to the idea. A majority of Mr. Lewis's twelve thousand "partners" flouted the wish of the firm's council and voted against such declarations.

An officer of the firm complained that the unions were firing their own Communists from paid union positions but refusing to permit employers to do the same. His statement was only partly true, because most unions still adhere to the old policy of tolerance. The anti-Communist Amalgamated Engineering Union, with seven hundred thousand members, is perhaps typical in proclaiming: "All members of our union, whatever their nationality, religion, or political ideas, are

George Isaacs



Lord Beaverbrook

eligible to contest an election for any office that their section of membership may provide. That right we have had for almost a hundred years and that right we shall cherish and maintain."

Lately, however, the 1,300,000-member Transport and General Workers' Union has voted to exclude all Communists from office, and nine Communists who refused to sign statements that they didn't belong to the party were actually discharged from paid posts. Two or three other unions have had such a provision for a number of years. But it is worthy of note that all unions, even Transport and General, would fight vigorously against any private employer who tried to discharge a Communist just because of his politics.

The British take the view that once a Communist does not necessarily mean always a Communist. They feel that a mild attitude can wean party members away. And it must be admitted that the unions are full of former Communists. Billy Stokes, divisional organizer for the engineering union in the Coventry area, is a former party member. Back in 1940 the party asked him to run for a divisional-organizer post and he accepted. In the midst of the campaign the local Communist leader ordered him to withdraw from the race. He rebelled at this highly dictatorial act and resigned from the party. Some of his followers did the same. Today they are the core of anti-Stalinism in the Coventry area. George Aitken left the

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party in the same year because of its position following the Stalin-Hitler pact; today his considerable talents are being used by the AEU as a research director.

British Communists themselves are not entirely like our American brand. They aren't as bombastic and they are far more inclined to accept a democratic decision without any underhand attempts to derail it. In part this is due to the vigilance of the British rank-and-file unionist and his sense of fair play. It is also due to the fact that the Communists cannot fall back on their pet cliché: "We wuz robbed."

I sat in on a meeting of the engineering union in a London district which was a known Stalinist bailiwick. The secretary, Jack Reid, a burly redhead and an admitted party member, called all the shots. The delegates made their point on five or six standard Stalinist projects, but submitted without much protest every time they were slapped down by higher union authorities. For instance, the district had decided to send a woman delegate to an International Woman's Day meeting, an obvious party venture. The National Executive Council wrote back that this "is not district committee business, and therefore Sister Atkins cannot be deemed to be a representative of this union." That ended the issue, without an argument.

The usual resolutions condemning the "Truman decision to manufacture the hydrogen bomb" and the exclusion of Communist Party parliamentary candidates from AEU meetings were endorsed, but the endorsements seemed pretty meaningless. No AEU Communist Party member is permitted to speak for the AEU at an open party meeting; nor can any district call political meetings of its own to endorse Communists, to shout down the Marshall Plan, or what have you, without permission from a higher body. Since these higher bodies are very democratically elected, the Communists can't put up much of an argument when they are defeated.

In Britain the rank and file of each union, even in some of the less democratic ones, is a force to be reckoned with. Its voice is not throttled nor is its vigilance impaired. It discusses everything, including Communism. And by simple discussion it has arrived at a solid, unemotional, but deeply anti-Communist view. In each campaign in which a Communist is involved the simple factory worker weighs the Communist issue as such. The rank and file has a two-edged sword with which to combat an alien ideology: It looks into the ideology dispassionately before the election and it has a rigid check on the man after he is elected.

The example of tolerance has had an effect on the Communists themselves. They may not like British capitalism, but they have a greater attachment to Britain than the American Communists do to America. During the historic days when Stalin was allied with Hitler, from 1939 to 1941, party secretary Harry Pollitt, Arthur Horner, and a majority of the party were "in the soup," as Horner puts it, because they supported the British war effort. Under pressure from the Communist International, Pollitt was removed from his post and sent back to his trade as a boilermaker. Horner escaped without any disciplinary action, and Pollitt was eventually reinstated, but that monolithic obedience that guides Communists everywhere received something of a jolt.

British Communists don't kick over the traces quite as rambunctiously as those in the United States do. It is inconceivable, for instance, that the Communist-officered Electrical Trade Union should do in Britain what Harry Bridges has done in America. Bridges denies that he is a party member, yet he has flouted CIO policy and affiliated his longshoremen's union with the Communist-run World Federation of Trade Unions. The leaders of ETU openly admit they are Communists, but accept the position of the Trades Union Congress, and are part of the non-Communist International Confederation of Free Trade Unions. In the recent elections they contributed seven thousand dollars to the Labour Party and supported three union members as candidates on the Labour ticket. That would be equivalent of the New York Communists supporting William O'Dwyer against Vito Marcantonio.

Arthur Horner ascribes the difference

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in the British attitude to "the British tradition of democracy" and the fact that British Communists "don't jump around as much as they do in the States. They're more rooted in their particular unions."

British tradition is certainly important. In an ordinary police court the prosecutor and policeman recite not only the misdeeds of the accused but his mitigating good characteristics as well. This spirit of fair play is much more than a meaningless cliché.

Then, of course, there is the powerful role of the Labour Party and the unions. The Labour Party itself is composed of heterogeneous elements, all the way from Left Socialists and Trotskyites on the one hand to mild liberals on the other. Without democratic tolerance this motley force would soon burst asunder. It is understandable therefore why that spirit should be applied to the rest of society. The Communists were actually part of the Labour Party in 1924-1925. Then they were expelled. Since then they have been refused readmission on many occasions, but they are still treated as enemies within the family rather than open traitors. If war with Russia comes the British feel they will win some of the Communist leaders over and will be able to immobilize the rest of the party with ease.

Finally, in the matter of war with Russia, the British are not as convinced as Americans are that such a war is imminent and inevitable. There are many spirits of appeasement, including Lord Beaverbrook, and the man on the street is so anxious to avoid a Third World War that he feels his leaders must inevitably find a formula for avoiding it. In dealing with the Communist problem this also makes a difference.

There is no evidence that the British methods of combating the Stalinists are less effective than ours. The British party probably has less than forty-two thousand members, and it is relatively weaker not only in the front organizations, but in the unions as well.

Americans may sympathize with Communists because demagogues like Parnell Thomas and McCarthy persecute them. In Britain you can only sympathize with a Communist because you agree with his theories—which is a much more difficult task. —Sid Lens

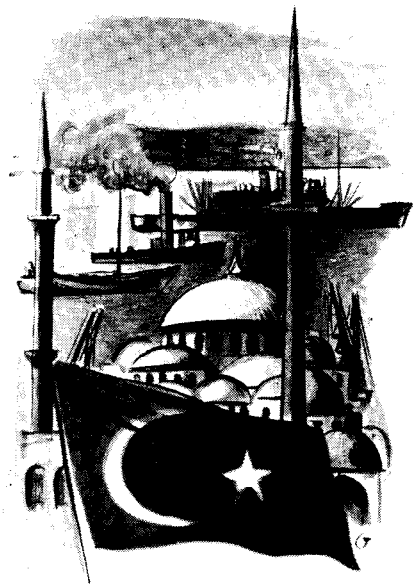
Middle East

Miracle on the Bosphorus

Modern Turkey has an effective, if unique, recipe for progress. It calls for one part miracle and one part peaceful revolution.

The normal condition in Anatolia being deep sleep, it took the miracle of Mustafa Kemâl, later known as Atatürk—a twentieth-century western mind that somehow emerged from the Oriental decrepitude of the Ottoman Empire—to sweep away sultan, caliph, fez, harem, veil, and Arabic alphabet in the revolution that produced the Turkish Republic shortly after the First World War.

After a dozen years of renewed slumber, the Turks are awake and stirring again. An opposition party, emerging



incredibly from the authoritarian one-party despotism that has been in the saddle since Atatürk's death in 1938, has just turned the government out by a six-to-one parliamentary landslide in the first free and fair election on the shores of the Bosphorus.

Turkey now has its second miracle. It remains to be seen whether it will get its second revolution. Nothing less than the total transformation of the Turkish economy will do. Just as Atatürk separated church from state and introduced western customs, so the new Administration will have to separate politics from economics and bring in western technical skills. This is the only road to Turkish recovery—and to any real Turkish usefulness as an ally of the western democracies.

The job ahead is admittedly enormous, but the very existence of a brand-new government in Turkey is in itself an enormous achievement. This is proved by the fates of previous Oppositions in Turkey.

In 1924 a movement against the westernizing reforms of Atatürk developed inside his People's Republican Party. He discouraged the dissenters by publicly hanging thirty of them. Six years later, the dictator, tiring of his yes-man entourage, ordered four of his closest friends and his own sister, Makboula, to invent a "Liberal Party." "Go ahead and criticize me," he told them —"put some life into Parliament." The five proceeded gingerly, with apologies and infinite care. Pretty soon the real anti-Atatürkists—religious zealots and *ancien régime* diehards—chimed in. From murmurings they advanced to riot and insurrection. Martial law followed. Thirty-two rebels were strung up—and the Liberal Party vanished.

Atatürk's successor was the conservative Ismet Inönü, an orthodox Moslem and chronic foe of innovation. By the beginning of the Second World War, Turkey was a totalitarian police state. The reformist spirit had dried up; nothing was left but the encrusted habits of power.

After Hitler's defeat, however, Ismet Pasha shrewdly perceived that some gesture was called for—especially since Turkey was now a friend of the United States and a recipient of its considerable bounty. He permitted formation of

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a Democratic Party, composed mostly of Atatürk followers who deplored the backsliding of the ruling People's Republicans. But the government insured itself against shocks by springing elections in July, 1946, a year earlier than the Democrats wished, and before they could fully organize their campaign machinery. Strong-arm squads terrorized the voters and rival candidates. Finally, government officials retired with the ballot boxes to compute the totals in solitude.

Although the report would be a little difficult to confirm, because huge blocks of votes disappeared forever, it is reliably estimated that the Democrats may have earned as much as forty per cent of the seats in the Grand National Assembly. The official returns gave them fourteen per cent.

Even so, before the 1950 elections nobody dreamed that the Democrats would win in 422 out of 487 contests for Parliament. Not the least astonished were the Democrats themselves. They were caught so unawares that they had no Cabinet line-up ready. The outgoing government was probably even more confounded.

American editorial writers have since been hailing Ismet's meek retirement from power as brilliant proof of his civic virtue. But on my latest visit to Turkey in the summer of 1949 the air was heavy with Opposition fears of skulduggery. In the ensuing months the government clamped stricter controls on freedom of the press and "extremist" opinion. It arrested Opposition orators for "slander." It extended the arbitrary powers of the provincial governors who had helped "count" the 1946 results. It displayed an eagerness to put down "rebellion."

On this year's election day the possibilities of swindle were somewhat restricted by the presence of Opposition observers. But the decisive factor was the sheer size of the Democratic vote. In effect the mammoth anti-Government parade to the voting places notified the old Ankara clique that any tampering with the results might provoke a full-blooded civil war. There was nothing left for Inönü to do but quit gracefully.

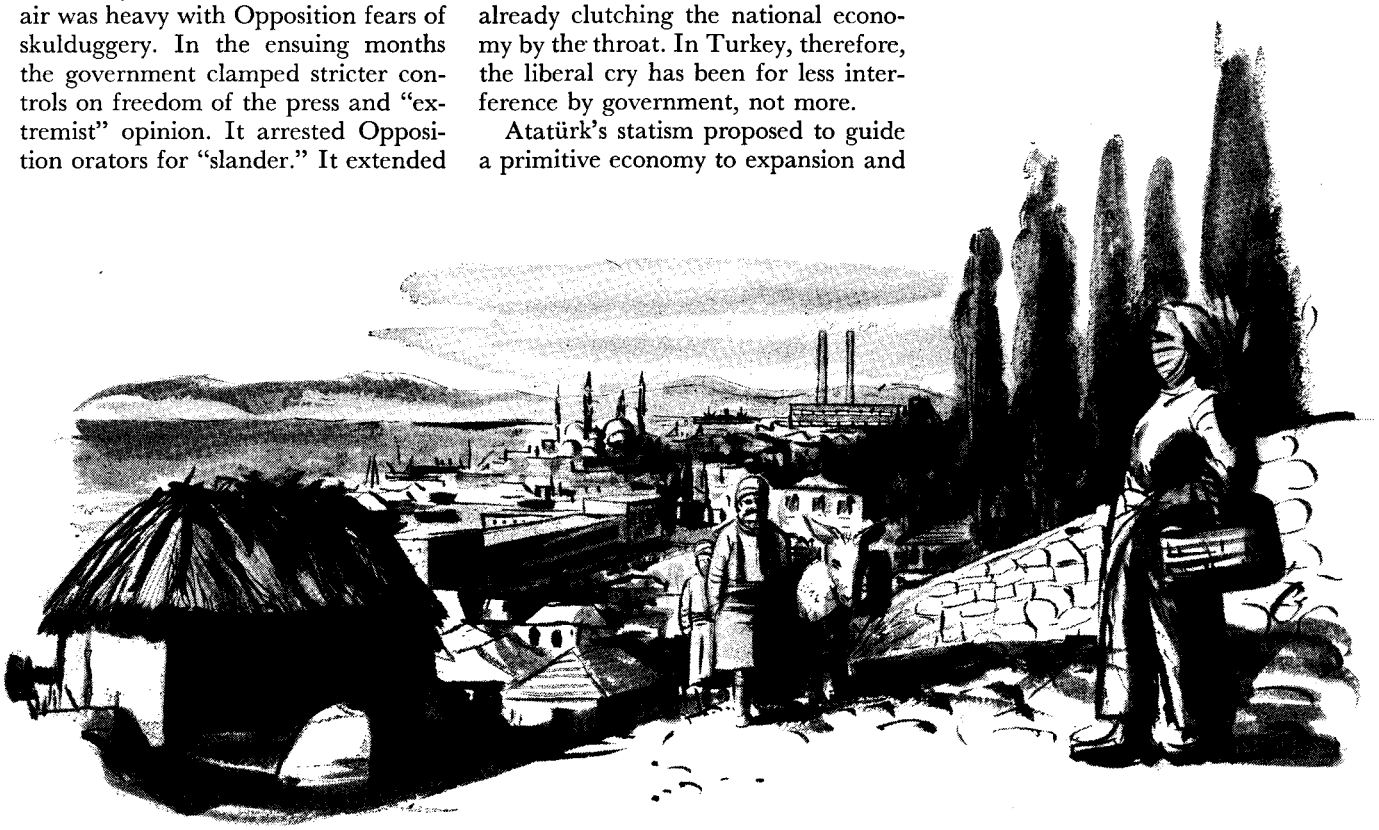
The verdict at the polls was not so crushing simply because the Turkish people wanted a mere change of faces in Ankara. The reactionary and chauvinistic Nation Party, for instance, captured only one seat. The votes cascaded to the Democrats because they gave the Turkish people pledges of lower prices and a better standard of living. The Democrats promised to do this by breaking the governmental stranglehold on trade and industry and letting in some fresh air from the West. Such changes are long past due.

In most countries, present-day liberals have clamored for more state regulation of ruthless private enterprise. Turkish liberalism found state controls already clutching the national economy by the throat. In Turkey, therefore, the liberal cry has been for less interference by government, not more.

Atatürk's statism proposed to guide a primitive economy to expansion and prosperity through public ownership or direction of those industries that the state could operate better than private enterprise. Under Ismet Inönü this high-minded scheme degenerated into an exploitation of the country's natural wealth by and for the all-powerful single party.

Populating a jungle of ministries, agencies, monopolies, and holding companies like the Ish and the Sümer Banks, the party hierarchy swarmed over industry, commerce, and agriculture. They "directed" the bulk of Turkey's economy—to the public loss and their personal gain. Meanwhile, private enterprise was squeezed into narrower and narrower limits, where it languished under discriminatory state competition, capricious official intervention, and occasional confiscation.

Maintaining an outsize army in a poor country was ruinous enough, but the added drain of political spoliation and mismanagement brought appalling scarcities and a one thousand per cent increase in living costs. During the Second World War, Axis and Allies alike propped up the economy by bidding fancy prices to keep Turkish products from going to the enemy. With peace, the bottom fell out of Turkey's foreign trade. Its braintrusters failed to adjust to the lower world



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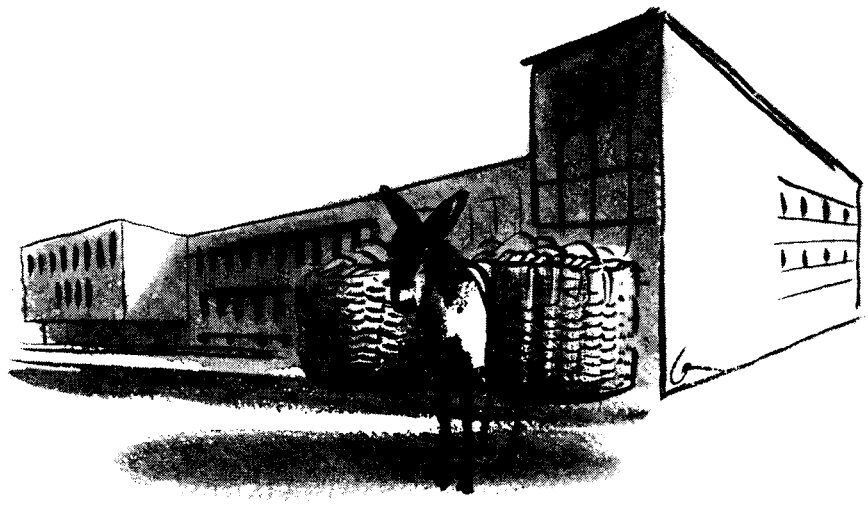

prices. Consumer goods continued to dwindle, domestic prices to soar.

The people paid. The government fleeced them not only through its avarice but through its false notions of national prestige. Delusions of grandeur impelled the régime to erect a modern industrial façade in front of a tenth-century rural society. It overlooked the fact that a country's economy cannot make a profit unless the masses have the money to buy, the curiosity to want, and the knowledge to use manufactured products.

The government concocted plans to manufacture locomotives and Diesels before ensuring the peasants—eighty per cent of the nation—a supply of wheelbarrows, housing materials, and cheap clothing. Although the state has erected giant steelworks that the Turks don't need and can't afford, there is not a single factory to make pitchforks, nails, or pails. Half of Turkey's arable land lies uncultivated, largely for lack of adequate tools. For a plow, the average peasant still uses the curved stick of the Hittites.

In rainy weather more than half the roads of Turkey defy passage even by oxcart. Only some seventy-five hundred miles out of a twenty-seven thousand-mile national highway system are safe for automobiles. Scarcely one-tenth of Turkey's farm produce has access to the roads and trucking needed to carry it from the localities where it is raised.

Government interest in the general welfare is almost imperceptible outside a few urban centers. Istanbul is building an opulent opera house, and Ankara—the People's Republican showpiece for the outer world—possesses handsome boulevards and huge public buildings in modernistic pink. But over great stretches of hinterland you will search in vain for a decent minimum of sanitation, heat, light, hospitals, or schools.

Along with these deficiencies, the newly installed Democratic Party inherits an abundance of toilers on the public payroll. I have heard it soberly asserted that there are more clerks and directors in the central bureaus of the skimpy Turkish National Railways (seven thousand miles) than there were workers on all of prewar Germany's intricate railroad system.

Economists and engineers inside the government honeycomb are generally long on theory and short on practical experience. Projects have been congenitally tainted by the "thinking" at top party levels, where bigness and bombast are mistaken for greatness. The government's public-works programs have been for the most part grandiose in concept, unsuitable to the country's needs, and unfinished.

Competent technicians are dispersed in a welter of conflicting agencies, eternally busy writing plans. Letters and memoranda carry as many as ten signatures. The Marshall Plan mission to Turkey spent six weeks looking for an official with responsibility to deal with it. A further premium has been placed on negligence and corruption by the grant of immunity from outside inspection to all Turkish state institutions. This immunity has encouraged extravagance, careless decisions, monumental inefficiency, and barefaced graft. Turkish balance sheets are truly Oriental in their mystery, but it is an old, and open, secret that four out of every five state enterprises have been losing money for everybody in Turkey except their directors.

By consensus of all informed opinion, the new régime must aim at a few clear-cut goals to make good its promise of a fair deal for the Turks: It must take the government out of economic sectors where it does not belong, and install responsible management in the enterprises that are retained by the state; it must encourage private investment and enterprise, and stimulate production for consumer use. It must also initiate public works and services at the village level to keep mass purchasing power in step with increased production; and finally, it must import skills, management, and capital.

There is enough private capital and talent in Turkey to make a modest beginning. True, the average Turkish businessman knows nothing about cost accounting, bonds, debentures, amortizations, and other Occidental magic. He lays his money on the line only when he can see at least a thirty per cent profit ahead. But it is the government's fault that he never had a chance to learn the procedures of capitalization. There were no laws to protect him against larceny by the state, and investment was a perilous adventure, riskable only for excessive profits.

It is up to the new Administration to write the laws and contracts which will guarantee private enterprise against interference from state combines. After that, enough venture capital should come out to finance a cautious expansion where Turkey needs it most: in consumer-goods production.

The new government has already begun to carry out its pledges with vigor. Even so, *yavash*—which can mean "later," "next week," or "what's the hurry?"—will not automatically pass out of the Turkish lexicon.

Ismet's successor in the Presidency, sixty-six-year-old Celâl Bayar, is a banker and economist, and was Atatürk's last Premier. To Bayar goes major credit for the tact, courage, and statesmanship which in five years brought the first genuine opposition party in Turkish history to power.

But as early as 1946, when I interviewed the founder of the then minus-

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cule new party, I could detect in Bayar a sincere yearning for reform—and also a sincere resentment at having been kicked out of power. It was Bayar, morever, who established the Ish Bank and the national factories that became the cornerstone of the People's Party spoils system. Many of Bayar's top lieutenants similarly are have-nots who have returned at last within grabbing distance of the traditional Turkish emoluments of office.

There is no overt reason to anticipate any reneging on campaign pledges. Still, it would be naive to forget that this is Turkey we are talking about, not one of the western countries (where, incidentally, absentmindedness about election promises is not unknown either). Under the circumstances, the United States would serve the Turkish people well by watching the new Administration discreetly but with benevolent vigilance.

American reluctance to prod the previous régime, apparently motivated by a fear of disturbing the "stability" on our side of a sensitive Soviet frontier, wasted many opportunities for effective reform. Ankara regularly promised changes it knew the ECA considered necessary, and then waited for a push from us. We never pushed.

By what right could American influence assert itself if the new régime's energies should flag?

Without the Truman Doctrine's warning that Soviet aggression would meet American resistance, there might have been no free elections in Turkey this year—and no free Turkey. The American taxpayer already has a large investment in Turkey. Our Military Aid Program is effectively modernizing the Turkish defense forces. Our ECA is giving Turkey roads, machinery, industrial materials, and technical instruction. But this help will go to waste without fundamental reforms of Turkey's economic structure.

Without such reforms, something more important will also be wasted: the moral investment which both we and the Turkish people have made in a common front against totalitarianism. Tanks, guns and planes can increase Turkey's *strength* to resist. But only a sharpened awareness of what is at stake—a better, more abundant life in a democratic society—can guarantee its *will* to resist. —HAL LEHRMAN

Far East

Korea: Moscow's Way Out

In the shorter view, the Communist invasion of South Korea became a spectacular catalyst of American policy in Asia. After the first shock of incredulity had passed, it brought the President and his Secretaries of State and Defense into full agreement on our position, not only in Korea, but in Indo-China, Formosa, and the Philippines. It created a basic understanding, which, in the next phase of the chain reaction, should postpone any withdrawal of American armed forces from Austria, Germany, or Japan.

Moreover, the American public reflected almost the same degree of unanimity. There was a certain satisfaction in riveting down the Iron Curtain, in setting forth a clear line of demarcation between East and West. The Truman statement of June 27 enunciated a policy which could be understood by the man in the street. Even Republican politicians, who under normal circumstances might have been expected to shrink from the President's sweeping commitments, found themselves applauding the decision to neutralize Formosa, apparently oblivious of the fact that Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek had been almost completely repudiated. Superficial minds quickly interpreted the decision to immure Chiang in his Formosan retreat as a reversal for Acheson, instead of what it was: a warning that Chiang had become a ward of the United States, unfit to be trusted with arms.

In longer perspective, the Korean imbroglio is likely to go down more as a cynical skirmish than as a victory for principle or morality. There can be no quibble about the practical wisdom or necessity of the bold policy to which the United States committed itself in Korea and the neighboring non-Communist salients. Inaction would certainly have been interpreted as weakness, or even as fear; and any such species of appeasement could only have engendered a succession of reverses, each more alarming than the last. Yet, even if we concede that much, it is the better part of valor to concede also that the choice was not freely made. It was a choice of the lesser evil. Militarily, the decision to fight Communism in Korea may be classified as a "calculated risk." Morally—regardless of victory or defeat in the red hills and green valleys—the element of risk is, of course, not present.

The Soviet Union unleashed the Communist army of North Korea because Stalinist logic left no alternative. In doing so, the Kremlin laid bare the chapter begun in Greece and elaborated in Czechoslovakia; it revealed every last sinister detail of the pattern of Soviet conquest. The implications for the West, as well as for the rest of the non-Communist East, could hardly be grimmer.

No one need be deceived by the manner in which the Communists launched the Korean incident—by the bleak and impassive malevolence with which the Kremlin pushed the button and then watched from the sidelines to measure the reaction. Outwardly it had all the appearance of a detached laboratory experiment—a field maneuver using live ammunition to test American resoluteness. But any such narrow view is based on the assumption that the Korean war has been staged merely for tactical purposes. It overlooks the broader strategy and the essential nature of Communist dynamics.

The Kremlin's decision to precipitate war in Korea makes it imperative to understand now the motives from which the Communists acted. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that the outcome of the fighting is less significant than the reasons for which it was undertaken. If the West can see clearly the premises from which the Politburo proceeded, then it will have a chance

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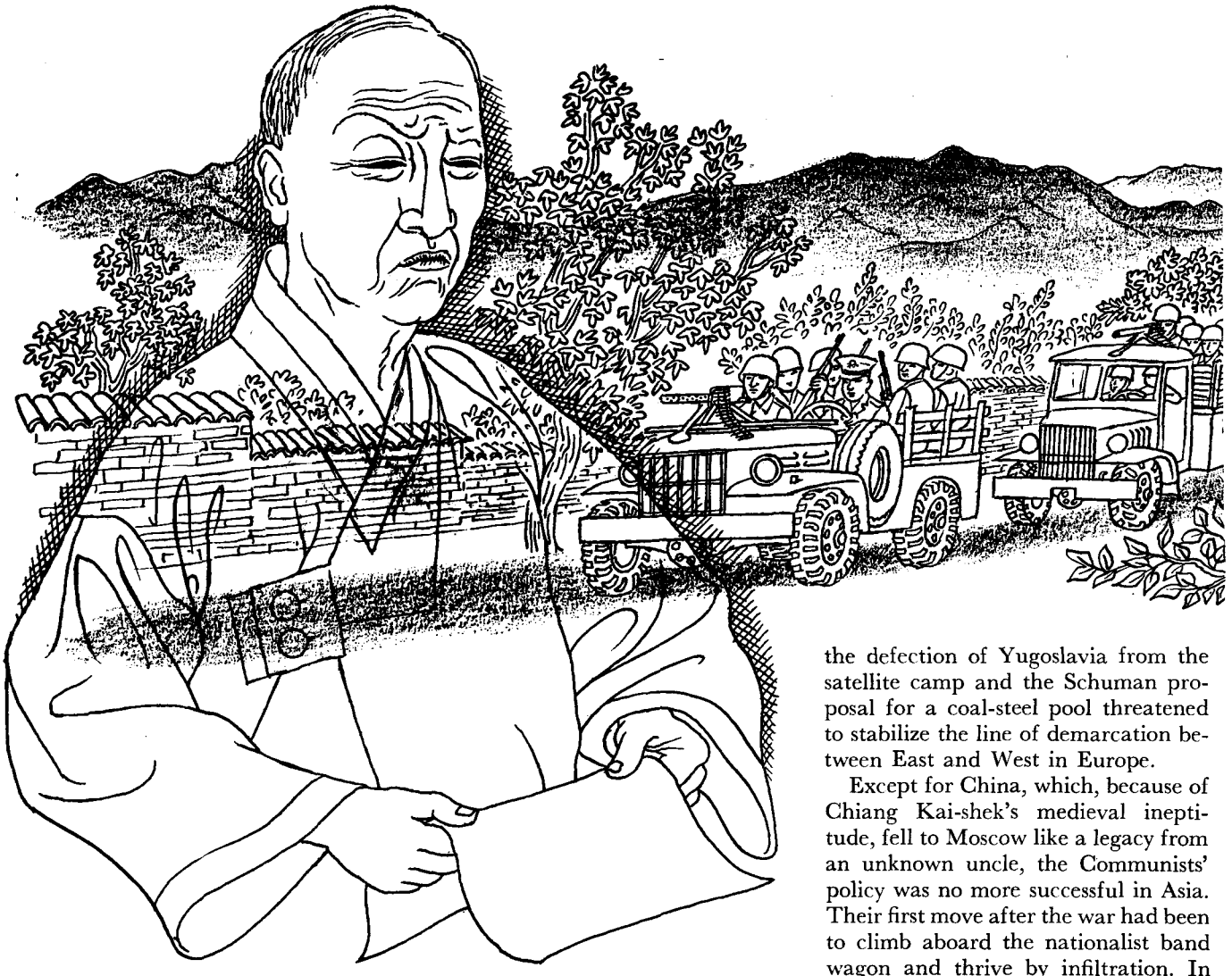

Syngman Rhee

of defending itself successfully. If we are obsessed with maps and spearheads, tactics and resolutions, then we may be lost.

This is the situation which exploded June 25 in the Land of Morning Calm: Korea was transformed into a theater of war as an act of near-desperation. For the last eighteen months, the Soviet Union had been outboxed, outmaneuvered, out-thought. It had lost in initiative. Moreover, it had lost the fundamental expansionist momentum which had been one of the fruits of the war. It must not be forgotten that, from their earliest days, the Bolsheviks have openly avowed their determination to put the world under one great Communist hegemony. For a generation they bided their time while they built up the industrial sinews of war. After the Second World War they were able to capitalize quickly on the weariness of their former allies, and they began realizing their dream by extending their control westward to the Baltic and the Adriatic. Greece alone eluded their first grasp.

The Communists made no secret of their jubilation over these successes, and they chanted the imminent downfall of the whole capitalist structure. The jubilation may have been real, but the requiem was premature. The West stiffened in alarm and struck back. Little by little, the Truman Doctrine drove Communism out of Greece and tightened Turkish control of the Dardanelles. ECA raised western European industrial production above prewar levels, and there were renewed hopes for a modicum of prosperity. Western Europe, in council and committee, began to coalesce politically and economically; and the North Atlantic treaty, with its arms-assistance program, gave promise of military security. Finally, the defection of Yugoslavia from the satellite camp and the Schuman proposal for a coal-steel pool threatened to stabilize the line of demarcation between East and West in Europe.

Except for China, which, because of Chiang Kai-shek's medieval ineptitude, fell to Moscow like a legacy from an unknown uncle, the Communists' policy was no more successful in Asia. Their first move after the war had been to climb aboard the nationalist band wagon and thrive by infiltration. In February, 1948, after their heady successes in Europe, they abandoned that tactic. At an Asian youth conference held in Calcutta, instructions were issued to divorce the Communist Party from all "bourgeois" nationalist movements and to launch separate revolutionary drives to achieve power. In quick succession—exploiting whatever local grievances came readily to hand—they began revolts in Malaya, Indonesia, and Korea; Ho Chi Minh stiffened his resistance in Indo-China; Luis Taruc called off truce negotiations with President Quirino in the Philippines and resumed his Hukbalahap war; there was rioting in India; and the Burmese Communist Party settled down to perpetuate civil chaos.

The new policy met with a notable lack of success. It was the Indonesian Republicans, not the Dutch, who crushed a Communist coup d'état with bloody resolution. When Chinese Reds in Malaya fled to the jungles, neither Chinese nor Malays rallied to their

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support against the British. A South Korean Army mutiny was stamped out, and all ranks were purged of suspected subversives. The Communist Party was outlawed in the tainted provinces of India. In Indo-China, the drift toward Ho Chi Minh was arrested. In the Philippines, only the corruption of the Quirino Administration and its obdurate refusal to carry out essential reforms continued to give the Hukbalahaps a lease on life. Everywhere, Communism was either standing still or sliding backward.

To all appearances, by the spring of 1950 there was more than a semblance of equilibrium in Europe. Simultaneously, the Communist foothold in Asia was slipping. Somehow, the Reds had to regain the initiative.

In the dialectic of revolution as interpreted by Communist imperialism, nothing is so abhorrent as an equilibrium or a stalemate. Stalinism, as a political state of mind, is a "science." It purports to believe that history and statecraft are measurable, calculable entities. The Communist state is a "scientific" state, and the scientific application of its precepts requires always the existence of a state of struggle—of an "antithesis" opposing a "thesis." If the revolution is to be prosecuted, history cannot dawdle or doze. It must be up and doing; it must produce visible, measurable states of struggles, or else it will have to be prodded into activity.

Hence—war in Korea. For three years, the U.S.S.R., despite its obvious successes, fought what was essentially a losing battle. A balance was being achieved. Wishful thinkers convinced themselves that Communist policy did not require resort to arms.

The Communists were in no such frame of mind. The new equilibrium that looked so hopeful to Mr. Truman and the West was, in the twisted logic of the Kremlin, a bourgeois departure from their categorical imperative—the obligation to struggle. The Politburo might prefer to avoid war on practical grounds, but certainly not on theoretical ones. In this case, it became the only unused weapon in the Red armory. Subversion and threats had failed in Greece and Turkey, and had merely stiffened the pride of the Yugoslavs. The Berlin blockade had succeeded only in enhancing western prestige, and the May youth march on Berlin had fizzled. The veto and the boycott had proved unavailing in the United Nations. Despite every effort the Communist vote was declining in the most politically and industrially advanced sections of western Europe.

In this situation, then, war in Korea was the cheapest available gamble. North Korea was expendable. The risk of failure was negligible; the strength of the South Korean Army had been counted to the last cartridge. China's inexhaustible manpower pool lay close at hand, ready for use. In the unlikely event that American aid could arrive in time to be effective, it would be no more difficult to withdraw to the 38th parallel than it had been to abandon the Berlin blockade. If American military aid failed to materialize, Communism would again be on the march in Asia; and the United States, besides suffering a stunning loss of prestige, might be obliged to divert energies still needed in Europe to the support of newly threatened areas in the Far East. If the military adventure succeeded, it might be the means of diverting attention from Yugoslavia, Iran, Afghanistan, and other areas where the use of force might later pay even richer dividends.

The Communist invasion of Korea is significant largely because it enables us to examine thus clinically the amoral jungle into which Stalin's dialectic of revolution now threatens to plunge the world. What Secretary Acheson called a "cynical, brutal, and naked" act of aggression is merely a foretaste on a minor scale of the Soviet capacity for organized crime. The Communists regard war, just as they regard any other instrument of state policy, as a useful weapon of statecraft. They will employ it with no more compunction than they would a mousetrap. Most frightening of all is the fact that, lacking the rationalism of the West or the intuition of the East, Russia has invented a system of logic which, like Frankenstein's monster, is turning upon is own creator. Korea is merely the most strident excess to date.

—William Costello

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Views & Reviews

Up the Ladder From *Charm* to *Vogue*

"Will you wear a star in your hair at night . . . or a little embroidered black veiling hat? . . . Will you wear a close little choker of pearls or a medal on a long narrow velvet ribbon? . . . Will you serve a lunch, in the garden, of *prosciutto* and melon and a wonderful green salad . . . or sit in the St. Regis's pale-pink roof and eat *truite bleue?*"

It is the "Make Up Your Mind" issue: *Vogue's* editresses are gently pressing the reader, in the vise of these velvet alternatives, to choose the looks that will "add up" to *her* look, the thing that is hers alone. "Will you make the point of your room a witty screen of drawings cadged from your artist friends . . . or spend your all on a magnificent carpet of flowers that decorates and almost furnishes the room itself?"

Twenty years ago, when *Vogue* was on the sewing room table of nearly every respectable upper-middle-class American house, these sapphic overtures to the subscriber, this flattery, these shared securities of *prosciutto* and *wonderful* and *witty* had no place in fashion's realm. *Vogue,* in those days before *Mademoiselle* and *Glamour* and *Charm* and *Seventeen,* was an almost forbidding monitor enforcing the discipline of Paris. An iron conception of the mode governed its semi-monthly rulings. Fashion was distinguished from dress; the woman of fashion, by definition, was a woman of a certain income whose clothes spoke the idiom of luxury and bon ton; there was no compromise with this principle. Furs, jewels, sumptuous materials, fine leathers, line, cut, atelier workmanship, were the very fabric of fashion; taste, indeed, was insisted on, but taste without money had a starved and middle-class pathos. The tastefully dressed little woman could not be a woman of style.

To its provincial subscribers *Vogue* of that epoch was cruel, rather in the manner of an upper servant. Its sole concession to their existence was a pat-

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tern department, *Vogue's Designs for Dressmaking,* the relic of an earlier period when no American woman bought clothes in a shop. And these patterns, hard to cut out as they were, fraught with tears for the amateur, who was safer with the trusty Butterick, had an economical and serviceable look that set them off from the designer fashions: Even in the sketches they resembled maternity dresses.

As for the columns of etiquette, the bridal advice, the social notes from New York, Philadelphia, San Francisco—all these pointedly declined acquaintance with the woman-from-outside who was probably their principal devotee. Yet the magazine was read eagerly and without affront. Southern women, Western women with moderate incomes pored over it to pick up "hints," carried it with them to the family dressmaker, copied, approximated, with a sense, almost, of pilferage. The fashion ideas they lifted made the pulse of the Singer race in nervous daring and defiance (What would *Vogue* say if it knew?).

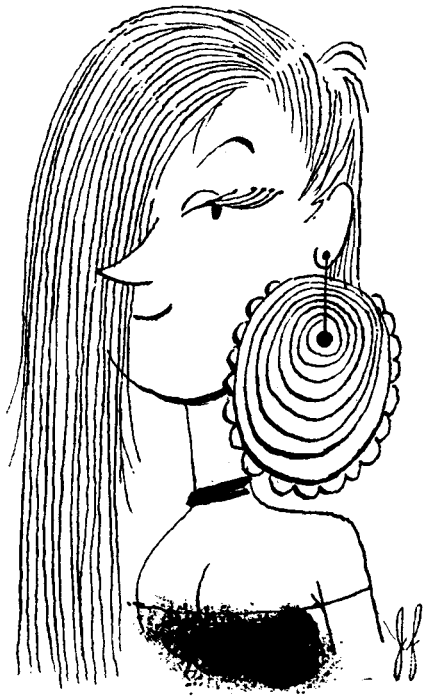
This paradoxical relation between magazine and audience had a certain moral beauty, at least on the subscribers' side—the beauty of unrequited love and of unflinching service to an ideal that is arbitrary, unsociable, and rejecting, like Kierkegaard's God and Kafka's Castle. Lanvin, Paquin, Chanel, Worth, Vionnet, Alix—these stars of the Paris firmament were worshiped and charted in their courses by reverent masses of feminine astronomers who would come no closer to their deities than to copy, say, the characteristic fagoting that Vionnet used in her dress yoke or treasure a bottle of Chanel's Number Two on the bureau, next to father's or husband's photograph.

Like its competitor, *Harper's Bazaar,* and following the French dressmaking tradition, *Vogue* centered about the mature woman, the *femme du monde,* the sophisticated young matron with her clubs, her charities, and her card-case. The jewels, the rich fabrics, the furs and plumes, the exquisite corseting, the jabots and fringe, implied a sexual as well as a material opulence, something preening, flavorsome, and well satisfied. For the *jeune fille* (so defined) there was a page or two of party frocks, cut usually along princess lines, in pastel taffetas, with round necks. In

this Racinean world, where stepmother Phèdre and grandmother Athalie queened it, the actual habits of the American young girl, who smoked and wore lipstick, were excised from consideration. Reality was inferior to style.

Covertly, the assumptions of this period remain in force. Despite social change, fashion is still luxurious. It is possible to dress prettily on a working girl's or business wife's income, but to dress handsomely is another matter, requiring, as before, time, care, and money. Fashion is a craft, not an industrial, conception, exemplifying to perfection the labor theory of value. The toil of many hands is the sine qua non of fashion. The hand of the weaver, the cutter, the fitter, the needleworker must be seen in the finished product in a hundred little details, and fashion knowledge, professionally, consists in the recognition and appraisal of the *work* that has gone into a costume. In gores and gussets and seams, in the polish of leather and its softness, the signature of painstaking labor must be legible to the discerning, or the woman is not fashionably dressed. The hand-knit sweater is superior to the machine-knit, not because it is more perfect, but on the contrary because its slight imperfections reveal it to be *hand*-knit. The Oriental pearl is preferred to the fine cultured pearl because the marine labor of a dark diver secured it, a prize wrested from the depths, and the woman who wears Oriental pearls believes that they show variations in temperature or that they change color with her skin or get sick when they are put away in the safe —in short, that they are alive, whereas cultured pearls, mass stimulated in mass beds of oysters, are not. This sense of the accrued labor of others as a complement to one's personality, as *tribute* in a double sense, is intrinsic to the fashionable imagination, which desires to *feel* that labor next to its skin, in the hidden stitching of its underwear—hence the passion for handmade lingerie even among women whose outer clothing comes off the budget rack.

In spite of these facts, which are known to most women, if only in the form of a sudden anguish or hopelessness ("Why can't *I* look like that?"), a rhetoric of fashion as democracy, as an inherent right or manufacturer's guarantee, has swept over the style world and created a new fashion public, a new fashion prose, and a whole hierarchy of new fashion magazines. *Mademoiselle, Glamour, Charm*—respectively "the magazine for smart young women," "for the girl with the job," "the magazine for the B. G. [Business



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Girl]," offer to the girl without means, the lonely heart, and the drudge, participation in the events of fashion, a sense of belonging en masse and yet separately, individually, of being designed for, shopped for, read for, predicted for, cherished. The attention and care and consideration lavished on the woman of leisure by lady's maid, coiffeur, *vendeuse,* bootmaker, jeweler, are now at the disposal of the masses through the various Shophounds, Mlles. Wearybones, beauty editors, culture advisers, male and female confidants. The impersonally conceived Well-Dressed Woman of the old *Vogue* ("What the Well-Dressed Woman Will Wear") is tutoyered, so to speak, as *You* ("Will you wear a star in your hair? . . ."): and a tone of mixed homage and familiarity: "For you who are young and pretty," "For you who have more taste than money," gives the pronoun a custom air.

The idea of a custom approach to ready-made, popular-priced merchandise was first developed by *Mademoiselle,* a Street and Smith publication launched during the depression, which differed from *Vogue* and the *Bazaar,* on the one hand, and from *McCall's* and *Pictorial Review,* expressions of the housewife, on the other. Before the depression, there had been, roughly speaking, only three types of women's apparel: the custom dress, the better dress, and the budget or basement dress. Out of the depression came the college shop and out of this the whole institutionalized fiction of the "debutante" shop and the "young-timers'" floor. These departments, which from the very outset were swarming with middle-aged shoppers, introduced a new category of merchandise: the "young" dress, followed by the "young" hat, the "young" shoe, the "young" petticoat, and so on. The "young" dress was a budget dress with status, an ephemeral sort of dress, very often—a dress that excited comment and did not stand up very well. Its popularity proved the existence of a new buying public, of high-school and college girls, secretaries, and office workers, whose dress requirements were very different from those of the busy housewife or matron. What these buyers demanded, for obvious vocational reasons, was not a durable dress or a dress for special occasions, even, but the kind of dress that would provoke compliments from co-workers, fellow students, bosses—a dress that could be discarded after a few months or transformed by accessories into the simulation of a new dress. To this public, with its craving for popularity, its personality problems, and limited income, *Mademoiselle* addressed itself as "your" magazine, the magazine styled for *you,* individually.

Unlike the older magazines, whose editresses were matrons who wore (and still wear) their hats at their desks as though at a committee meeting at the Colony Club, *Mademoiselle* was staffed by young women of no social pretensions, college graduates and business types, live wires and prom queens, middle-class girls peppy or sultry, fond of fun and phonograph records. Its tone was gamely collegiate, a form of compliment, perhaps, since its average reader, one would have guessed, was either beyond college or below it, a secretary or a high-school student. It printed fiction—generally concerned with the problems of adolescence—job news and hints, beauty advice, and pages of popular-priced fashions photographed in technicolor or Burpee-catalogue hues against glamorous backgrounds. Its models were windswept and cute.

Fashion as fun became *Mademoiselle*'s identifying byword, a natural corollary to the youth theme. *Fun* with food, *tricks* with spices, herbal *magic,* Hawaiian pineapple, Hawaiian ham, Hawaiian bathing trunks, Hollywood playclothes, cruise news, casserole cookery, Bar-B-Q sauce reflect the dream mentality of a civilization of office conscripts to whom the day off,

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the two weeks basking in the sun during February or August, represent not only youth but an effortless, will-less slack season (*slacks, loafers,* hostess *pajamas*), quite different from the dynamic good time of the 1920's.

In the *Mademoiselle* play world, everything is romp-diminutive or make-believe. The beau is a "cute brute," the husband a "sahib," or "himself," or "the little fellow." The ready-mix cake "turns out *terrific.*" Zircons are "almost indistinguishable from diamonds." "Little tricks of combination, flavor and garnishment help the bride and enchant the groom . . . who need never know!" Brides wearing thirty-five-dollar dresses are shown being toasted in champagne by ushers in ascots and striped trousers.

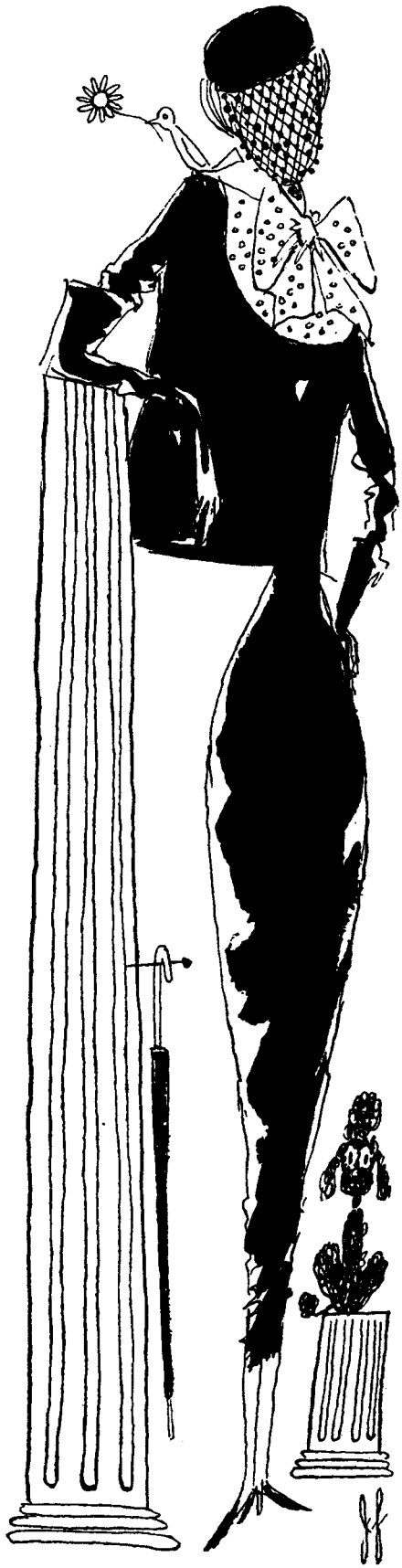
Work may be fun also. "I meet headline people on the Hill every day." Husband-and-wife *teams* do "the exciting things" together. And the work-fun of a reader-surrogate named Joan, *Mademoiselle's* Everygirl, is to be continually photographed backstage at "exciting" events, "meeting summer half way on a Caribbean island," meeting Maurice Evans in his dressing room, or gapily watching a chorus rehearsal. The word *meet,* in the sense of "coming into contact with or proximity of," is a denotation of holiday achievement. Resort news is eternal, like hotel-folder sunshine.

The strain of keeping up this bright deception is marked by the grotesquerie of adverbs ("Serve piping hot with a dash of wildly hot mustard nearby"), by the repeated exclamation point, like a jerky, convulsive party smile, and by garish photographic effects. The typical *Mademoiselle* model with her adolescent, adenoidal face, snub nose, low forehead, and perpetually parted lips is immature in an almost painful fashion —on the plane, in the Parisian street, or the tropic hotel she appears out of place and ill at ease, and the photography which strives to "naturalize" her in exotic or expensive surroundings only isolates her further. Against the marble columns or the balustrades, with fishing rod, sailboat, or native basket, she stands in a molar eternity, waving, gesticulating, like the figures in home movies of the vacation trip. ("See, there she is, feeding the pigeons; see, that's Mabel there by the azaleas.")

Another magazine, *Seventeen,* which from its recipes and correspondence column appears to be really directed to teen-agers and their problems, strikes, by contrast with *Mademoiselle,* a grave and decorous note. Poorly gotten out and cheaply written, it has, nevertheless, an authentic small-town air; more than half of its circulation is in towns under twenty-five thousand. It is not, strictly speaking, a fashion magazine (though it carries pages of fashion, gifts, and designs for knitting and dressmaking), but rather a home magazine on the order of *Woman's Home Companion.* How to make things at home, simple dishes to surprise the family with, games to play at parties, nonalcoholic punches for after skating, candies, popcorn balls, how to understand your parents, how to stop a family quarrel, movies of social import, the management of the high-school prom, stories about friendships with boys, crushes on teachers, a department of poems and stories written by teen-agers —all this imparts in a rather homiletic vein the daily lesson of growth and character building.

Pleasures here are wholesome, groupy ("Get your gang together") projects, requiring everybody's cooperation. Thoughtfulness is the motto. The difficulty of being both good and popular, and the tension between the two aims (the great crux of choice for adolescence), are the staple matter of the fiction; every boy hero or girl heroine has a bitter pill to swallow in the ending. The same old-fashioned moral principles are brought to bear on fashion and cooking. The little cook in *Seventeen* is not encouraged, in the *Mademoiselle* style, to think she can make "high drama" out of a Drake's Cake and a pudding mix; she starts her party biscuits or her cake with fresh eggs, fresh butter, and sifted flour. Her first grown-up jewelry is not an "important-looking" chunk of glass but a modest gold safety pin or, if she is lucky and an uncle can give it to her for graduation, a simple gold wrist watch.

And in *Seventeen,* strangely enough, the fashions, while inexpensive, have a more mundane look than *Mademoiselle*'s dresses, which tend to be junky —short-waisted, cute, with too many tucks, pleats, belts, and collars for the money. The *Seventeen* date dress is not very different from the "young fashion" in *Vogue* or *Harper's Bazaar.* It



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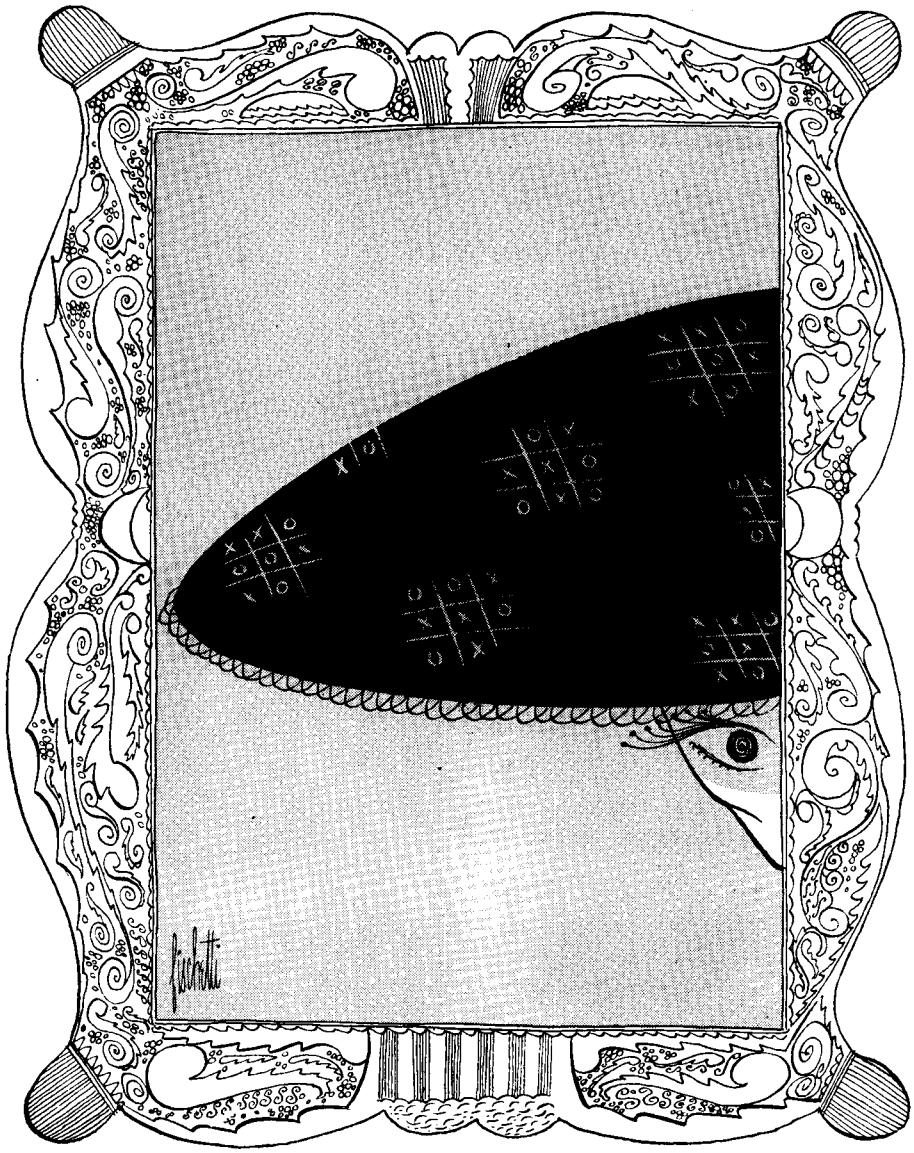
has been chosen to give its wearer a little air of style and maturity, on the same principle that an actor playing a drunk tries, not to stagger, but to walk straight. The artifice of youth in the *Mademoiselle* fashions betrays the very thing it is meant to cover—cheapness—and the little short bobbing jackets and boleros and dirndls become a sort of class uniform of the office worker, an assent to permanent juniority as a form of second-class citizenship, on the drugstore stool.

In the upper fashion world, the notion of fashion as fun acquires a delicate savor. The *amusing,* the *witty,* the *delicious* ("a deliciously oversized stole") evoke a pastoral atmosphere, a Louis Seize scene where the queen is in the dairy and pauperdom is Arcadia. The whim, piquant or costly, defines the personality: Try (*Harper's Bazaar*) having *everything* slip-covered in pale Irish linen, including the typewriter and the bird cage; and "just for the fun of it, black with one white glove." The idea of spending as thrift, lately coined by *Vogue,* implies the pastoral opposite of thrift as the gayest extravagance. "There is the good handbag. The pairs of good shoes. . . . The wealth-to-spare look of rich and lean cloths together." A "timeless" gold cross made from old family stones, and seventy-dollar shoes are proposed under the heading "Economical Extravagances." "And upkeep, extravagantly good, is the ultimate economy. Examples: having your books with fine bindings oiled by an expert every year or having your wooden shoe-trees made to order. . . . And purely for pleasure: flowers, silver, and the price of keeping it polished; an Afghan hound, the collection, from stamps to butterflies, to Coalport cabbages, that you, or we, skimp for rather than do without."



The fabrication here of a democratic snobbery, a snobbery for everyone, is *Vogue*'s answer to the tumbrils of Truman. The trend of the times is resolutely reckoned with: Today "the smaller collectors who have only one Giorgione" buy at Knoedler's Gallery, just as Mellon used to do. As John Jacob Astor III said, "A man who has a million dollars is as well off as if he were rich." (What a *delicious* sow's ear, my dear, where did you *get* it?) The *small* collection, the *little* evening imply the intimate and the choice, as well as the tiniest pinch of necessity. *Little* hats, *little* furs, *tiny* waists—*Vogue* and the *Bazaar* are wriggling with them; in the old days hats were *small.* And as some images of size contract or cuddle ("Exciting too the tight skull of a hat with no hair showing"; "the sharp, small, polished head"), others stretch to wrap and protect: *enormous, huge, immense*—"a colossal muff," "vast" sleeves; how to have *enormous* eyes. By these semantic devices the reader is made to feel small, frail and valuable. The vocabulary has become extremely tactile and sensuous, the caress of fine fabrics and workmanship being replaced by the caress of prose.

The erotic element always present in fashion, the kiss of loving labor on the body, is now overtly expressed by language. Belts *hug* or *clasp;* necklines *plunge;* jerseys *bind.* The word *exciting* tingles everywhere. "An outrageous amount of S.A." is promised by a new makeup; a bow is "a shameless piece of flattery." A dress is no longer low-cut but *bare.* The diction is full of movement: "hair swept all to one side and just one enormous earring on the bare side." A waist rises from a skirt "like the stem of a flower." Images from sport and machinery (*team, spark*) give this murmurous romanticism a down-to-business, American twang and heighten the kinetic effect. "First a small shopping expedition. . . . Then give your mind a good going-over, stiffen it with some well-starched prose; apply a gloss of poetry, two coats at least." —MARY MCCARTHY

(This is the first part of a two-part article.)

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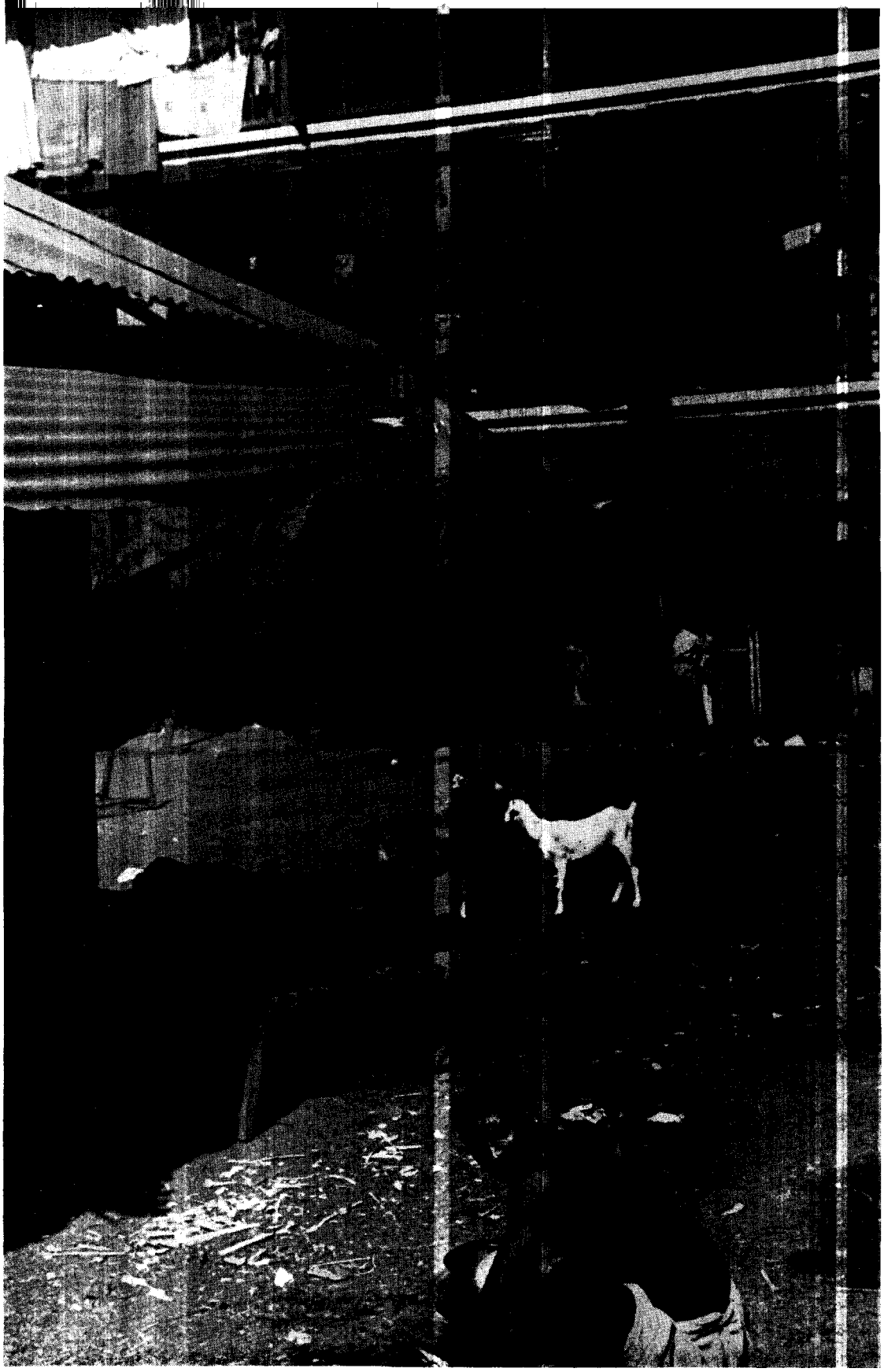

Bombay

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